

The worthines of Wales: wherein are more then a thousand seuerall things rehearsed: some set out in prose to the pleasure of the reader, and with such varietie of verse for the beautifying of the book as no doubt shall delight thousands to understand.

Churchyard, Thomas, 1520?-1604.

London : Imprinted by G. Robinson for T. Cadman, 1587.

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MEMORIAL TO MISS
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THE Worthines of Wales:

*Wherein are more then a thousand seuerall things
rehearsed : some set out in prose to the pleasure of the
Reader, and with such varietie of verse for the
beautifying of the Book, as no doubt shal
delight thousands to vnderstand.*

*Which worke is enterlarded with many wonders and right strange
matter to consider of: All the which labour and deuice is
drawne forth and set out by Thomas Church-
yard, to the glorie of God, and honour of
his Prince and Countrey.*



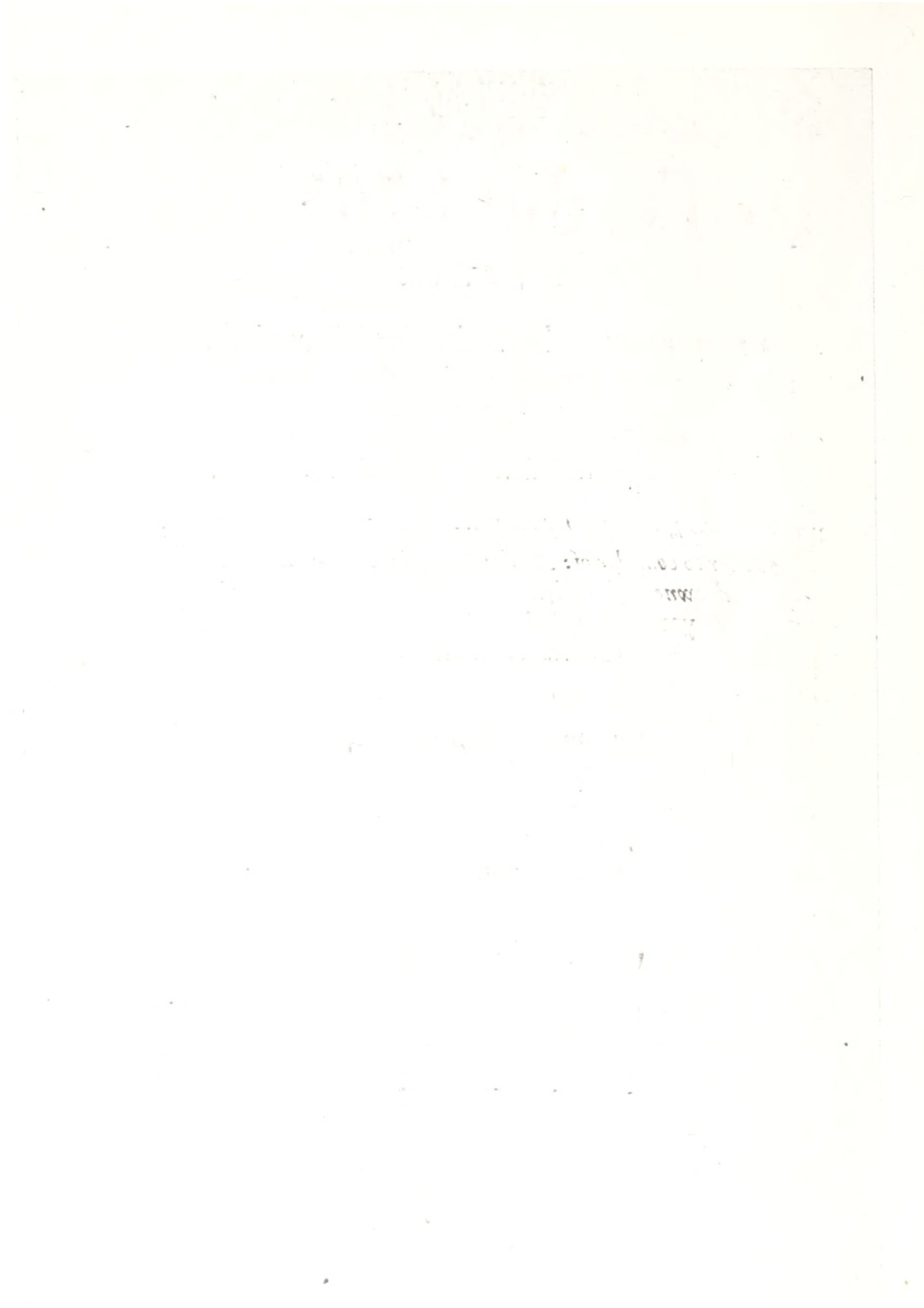
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❧ To the Queenes

most Excellent Maiestie, Elizabeth,

by the grace of God, Queene of England,

Fraunce and Ireland, &c. Thomas Church-

yard wisheth alwayes blessednes, good fortune,

victorie, and worldly honour, with the encrease

of quiet raigne, vertuous lyfe, and most

Princely gouernment.



*MOST Redoubted and Royall
Queene, that Kings doe feare,
Subiects doe honour, strangers
seeke succour of, and people of
speciall spirit acknowledge (as
their manifold books declare)*

*I least of all, presume to farre,
either in presenting matter to be iudged of, or to ad-
uenture the cracking of credite, with writing any
thing, that may breede mislike (presents not well ta-
ken) in the deepe iudgement of so high and mightie
a Princeesse. But where a multitude runnes for ward
(forced through desire or fortune) to shewe duetie,
or to see what falleth out of their forwardnes, I step-
ping in among the rest, am driven and led (by affec-*

** 2*

tion

The Epistle

tion to followe) beyond the force of my power or feeling of any learned arte. So being thrust on with the throng, I finding my self brought before the presence of your Maiestie (but barely furnished of knowledge) to whom I must vtter some matter of delight, or from whom I must retourne all abashed with open disgrace. Thus Gracious Lady, under your Princely fauour I haue undertaken to set foorth a worke in the honour of Wales, where your highnes auncestors tooke name, and where your Maiestie is as much loued and feared, as in any place of your highnesse dominion. And the loue and obedience of which people so exceeds, and surpasseth the common goodwill of the worlde, that it seemeth a wonder in our age (wherein are so many writers) that no one man doth not worthely according to the countries goodnes set forth that noble Soyle and Nation. Though in deede diuers haue sleightly written of the same, and some of those labours deserueth the reading, yet except the eye be a witnes to their workes, the writers can not therein sufficiently yeeld due commendation to those stately Soyles and Principalities. For which cause I haue trauayled sondry times of purpose through the same, and what is written of I haue beheld, and thoroughly seene, to my great contentment

Dedicatorie

tentment and admiration. For the Citties, Townes,
and goodly Castles thereof are to be mused on, and
merites to bee registred in euerlasting memorie,
but chiefly the Castles (that stand like a company
of Fortes) may not be forgotten, their buyldings are
so princely, their strength is so greate, and they are
such stately seates and defences of nature. To which
Castles great Royaltie and liuings belongeth, and
haue bene and are in the giftes of Princes, now pos-
sessed of noble men and such as they appoint to keep
them. The royalties whereof are alwayes looked vn-
to, but the Castles doe dayly decay, a sorrowfull sight
and in a maner remediles. But nowe to come to the
cōditions of the people, & to shew somewhat of their
curtesie, loyalty, & naturall kindnes, I presume your
Maiestie will pardon me to speake of, for of trueth
your highnes is no soner named among them, but
such a generall reioysing doth arise, as maketh glad
any good mans hart to behold or heare it, it proceeds
of such an affectionate fauour. For let the meanest
of the Court come downe to that countrey, he shalbe
so saluted, halsted and made of, as though he were
some Lords sonne of that soyle, & further the plain
people thinks it debt & duetie, to follow a strangers
Stirrop (being out of the way) to bring him where

* 3 he

The Epistle

he wisheth, which gentlenes in all countries is not used, and yet besides all this goodnes and great regard, there is neither he we nor cry (for a robbery) in many hundreth myles riding, so whether it be for feare of iustice, loue of God, or good disposition, small Robberies or none at all are heard of there. They triumph likewise so much of fidelitie, that the very name of a falsifier of promes, a murtherer or a thief, is most odious among them, especially a Traytor is so hated, that his whole race is rated at and abhord as I haue heard there, report of Parrie and others, who the common people would haue torne in peeces if the lawe had not proceeded. And such regard they haue one of another, that neither in market townes, high wayes, meetings, nor publicke assemblies they strine not for place, nor shewe any kind of roysting: for in sted of such high stomackes and stoutnes, they vse frendly salutations and courtesie, acknowledging duetie thereby, & doing such reuerence to their betters, that euery one in his degree is so well vnderstood and honored, that none can iustly say hee hath suffered iniurie, or found offence by the rude & barbarous behauiour of the people. These vsages of theirs, with the rest that may be spoken of their ciuil maner and honest frame of lyfe, doth argue there is
some

Dedicatorie

Some more nobler nature in that Nation; then is generally reported, which I doubt not but your Highnes is as willing to heare as I am desirous to make manifest and publish: the hope whereof redoubleth my boldnes, and may happely sheeld me from the hazard of worlds hastie iudgement, that condemnes men without cause for writing that they know, and praysing of people before their faces: (which suspicious heads call a kind of adulation) but if telling of troth, be rebukable, and playne speeches be offensive, the ignorant world shall dwell long in errors, and true writers may sodaynly sit in silence. I haue not only searched sondry good Authors for the confirmation of my matter, but also paynfully traueiled to trye out the substance of that is written, for feare of committing some unpardonable fault and offence, in presenting this Booke vnto your Highnesse. Which worke, albeit it is but litle, (because it treateth not of many Shieres) yet greatly it shal reioyce the whole Countrey of Wales, whē they shall heare it hath found fauour in your gracious sight, & hath passed through those blessed hands, that holds the rayne and bridle of many a stately Kingdome, and Terrytorie. And my selfe shall reape so much gladnesse, by the free passage of this simple labour, that
here-

The Epistle

hercafter I shall goe through (GOD sparing life)
with the rest of the other Shieres not heere named.
These things only taken in hād, to cause your High-
nesse to knowe, what puyssance and strength such a
Princesse is of, that may commaund such a people:
and what obedience loue and loyaltie is in such a
Countrey, as hereunto hath bin but little spoken of,
and yet deserueth most greatest laudation. And in
deede the more honorable it is, for that your High-
nesse princely Auncestors sprong forth of the noble
braunches of that Nation. Thus duetifully pray-
ing for your Maiesties long preservation, (by whose
bountie and goodnesse I a long while haue liued)

I wish your Highnesse all the hap, honour,
victorie, and harts ease, that can
be desired or imagined.

Your Highnesse humble Seruant and
Subiect, Thomas Churchyard.



To euery louing and
friendly Reader.



I may seeme straunge (good Reader) that I haue chosen in the end of my daies to trauaile , and make discription of Countries : whereas the beginning of my youth (and a long while after) I haue haüted the warres , and written somewhat of Martiall Discipline : but as euery season breedeth a feuerall humour, and the humours of men are diuers : (drawing the mynd to sondrie dispositions) so common occasion that commands the iudgement, hath set me a worke , and the warme good will & affection, borne in breast, towards the worthie Countrey of Wales, hath haled me often forward, to take this labour in hand , which many before haue learnedly handled. But yet to shewe a difference in writing, and a playnnesse in speech (because playne people affects no florishing phrase) I haue now in as ample a maner (without borrowed termes) as I could , declared my opinion of that sweete Soyle and good Subiects therof, even at that very instant, when Wales was almost forgotten , or scarce remembred with any great lawdation , when it hath merited to be written of : for sondrie famous causes most meete to be honored, and necessary to be touched in. First, the world will confesse (or els it shall do wrong) that some of our greatest Kings (that haue conquered much) were borne & bred in that Countrey : which Kings in their times, to the glory of England, haue wrought wonders, & brought great benefites to our weale publicke. Among the same Princes, I pray you giue me leaue to place our good Queene Elizabeth, and pardó me withall to com-

A

mit

To the Reader.

mit you to the Chronicles, for the seeking out of her Ancestors noble actions, and suffer me to shewe a little of the goodnesse, gathered by vs, from her Maiesties well doing, and possessed a long season from her princely and iust dealings. An act so noble & notorious, that neither can escape immortall fame, nor shall not passe my pen vnresited.

Now weigh in what plight was our state when she came first to the Crowne, and see how soone Religion was reformed, (a matter of great moment) peace planted, and warres vtterly extinguished, as the sequell yet falleth out.

Then behold how she succoured the afflicted in *Fraunce*, (let the going to *Newhauen* beare witness) and chargeably without breaking of League mainteyned her friends and amazed her enemies.

Then looke into the seruice and preservation of *Scotland* (at the siege of *Leeth*) and see how finely the French were all shipped away (they being a great power) and sent home in such sort, that neuer since they had mynd to returne thether againe, in that fashion and forme that they sayled towards *Scotland* at the first.

Then consider how bace our money was, & in what short tyme (with little losse to our Countrey) the bad coyne was conuerted to good siluer: and so is like to continue to the end of the world.

Then in the aduancing of Gods word and good people, regard how *Rochell* was relieued, and *Rone* and other places found cause to pray for her life, who sought to purchase their peace and see them in safetie.

Then thinke on the care she tooke for *Flanders*, during the first troubles, and how that Countrey had bene vtterly destroyed, if her Highnes helping hand had not propped vp that tottering State.

Then Christianly conceiue how many multitudes of strangers she hath giuen gracious countenance vnto, and hath freely licensed them to liue here in peace and rest.

Then pause in an equall ballance the daungerous estate of *Scotland* once againe, when the Kings owne Subiects kept
the

To the Reader.

the Castle of *Edenbrough* against their owne naturall Lord & Maister: which presumptuous part of Subiects, her Highnesse could not abide to behold: wherevpon she sent a sufficient power to ayde the Kings Maiestie: which power valiantly wonne the Castle, and freely deliuered the same to the right owner thereof, with all the treasure and prisoners therein.

Then regard how honourably she hath dealt with diuers Princes that came to see her, or needed her magnificēt supportation and countenance.

Then looke throughly into the mightinesse & managing of all matters gone about and put in exercise princely, and yet peaceably since the day of her Highnesse Coronation, and you shalbe forced to confesse that she surmounts a great number of her Predecessors: and she is not at this day no whit inferiour to the greatest Monarke of the world.

Is not such a peereles Queene then, a comfort to Wales, a glorie to England, and a great reioysing to all her good neighbours? And doth not she daily deserue to haue bookes dedicated in the highest degree of honor to her Highnesse? Yes vndoubtedly, or els my senses and iudgement fayleth me.

So (good Reader) do iudge of my labours: my pen is procured by a band of causes to write as farre as my knowledge may leade: and my ductie hath no end of seruice, nor no limits are set to a loyall Subiect, but to wish and worke to the vttermost of power.

Within this worke are severall discourses: some of the beantie & blessednes of the Countrey: some of the strength and statelynesse of their inpregnable Castles: some of their trim Townes and fine situation: some of their antiquitie, shewing from what Kings and Princes they tooke their first name and prerogatiue. So generally of all maner of matters belonging to that Soyle, as Churches, Monuments, Mountaynes, Valleys, Waters, Bridges, fayre Gentlemens houses, and the rest of things whatsoever, may become a writers pen to touch, or a readers iudgement to knowe. I write not

To the Reader.

William
Malmesburie
de regibus an-
glorum.
David Powell
a late writer,
yet excellently
learned, made
a sharp inuec-
tive against
William Par-
vus and Polli-
dor Virgill (&
all their com-
plices) accu-
sing them of
lying tongues,
enuyous de-
traction, mali-
cious floun-
ders, reproach-
full and veno-
mous lan-
guage, wilfull
ignorance, dog-
ged enuie, and
cankered
mindes, for
that they spake
vnreuerently
of Arthur, and
many other
thrife noble
Princes.
Jeffrey of
Monmouth.
Matthewe of
Westminster,
and others are
here in like
sort to be read
& looked on.

contenciously to find fault with any, or confute the former writers and tyme: but to aduance and winne credite to the present trueth, agreeing and yeelding to all former tymes and ages, that hath iustly giuen euery Nation their due, and truly without affection hath set downe in plaine words the worthines of plaine people: for I honor and loue as much a true Author, as I hate and detest a reporter of trifeling fables. A true Historie is called the Mistresse of life: and yet all Historyographers in writing of one thing, agree not well one with another: because the writers were not present in the tymes, in the places, nor saw the persons they make mētion of: but rather haue leaned and listned on the common report, than stayed or trusted to their owne experience.

Strabo a most famous writer findes fault (for the like occasion) with *Erftaotheus*, *Metrodorus*, *Septius*, *Possidonius*, and *Patrocles* the Geographer: And such discord did arise amōg writers in tyme past, as *Iosephus* saith against *Appio*, that they reprooued one another by bookes, and all men in generall reprooued *Herodotus*.

God shield me from such caueling: for I deliuer but what I haue seene and read: alledging for defence both auncient Authors, and good tryall of that is written. Wherefore (lo- uing Reader) doe rather struggle with those two strong pil- lars of knowledge, than strive with the weaknesse of my in- uention: which to auoyde sharpnesse (and bitter words) is sweetned and seasoned with gentle verses, more pleasant to some mens eares then prose, and vnder whose smooth grace of speech, more acceptable matter is conuayed, then the common sort of people can comprehend. For verses like a familiar friend (with a gallant phrase) rides quietly by thou- sands, and dasheth no one person, and galloping cleanly a- way merites no rebuke: when prose with a soft pace cannot with such cunning passe vnperceiued. But alhis one when in neither of both is found no matter of mistrust, nor speeches to offend, there is no cause of dislike. So crauing thy good opinion, good Reader farewell.



A true note of the

auncient Castles, famous Monu-
ments, goodly Rivers, faire Bridges,
fine Townes, and courteous people,
that I haue seene in the noble
Countrie of Wales.



Through sondrie Soyles, and stately
Kingdomes rich,
Long haue I traest, to tread out time
and yeares:
Where I at will, haue surely seene
right mitch,
As by my works, and printed bookes
appeares.
And wearied thus, with toyle in for-
rayne place,

The Authors
troublesome
life briefly
set downe.

I homeward dꝛue, to take some rest a space:
But labouring mynd, that rests not but in bed,
Began a fressh, to trouble restless hed.

Then newfound toyles, that haies men all in haste,
To runne on head, and looke not where they goe:
Bade reason ride, where loue should be enbraste,
And where tyme could, his labour best bestowe.
To Wales (quoth Wit), there doth plaine people dwell,
So mayst thou come, to heauen out of hell:
For Fraunce is fine, and full of faithlesse waies,
Pooze Flaunders grosse, and farre from happie daies.

A short note
of the nature
of many Couñ-
tries, with the
disposition of
the people
there.

Rich Spayne is proude, and sterne to straungers all,
In Italic, popfning is alwaies rise:

W

And

The worthines

And Germanie, to Drunkenesse doth fall,
The Danes likewise, doe leade a bibbing life.
The Scots seeke bloud, and beare a cruell mynd,
Ireland growes nought, the people ware unkynd:
England God wot, hath learnde such leawdnesse late,
That Wales methinks, is now the soundest state.

A commen-
dation of the
loyaltie of
Welshmen.

In all the rest, of Kingdomes farre or nere,
A tricke or two, of treacherie staynes the Soyle:
But since the tyme, that rule and lawe came here,
This Brittish land, was neuer put to foyle,
For foule offence, or fault it did commit:
The people here, in peace doth quiet sit,
Obayes the Prince, without reuolt or iarre,
Because they know, ethe smart of Ciuill warre.

A rehearfall of
great strife and
dissention that
ruinated
Wales.

Whiles quarrels rage, did nourish ruyne and wracke,
And Owen Glendore, set bloodie byoples abroach:
Full many a Towne, was spoyld and put to sacke,
And cleane consum'd, to Countries foule reproach.
Great Castles raste, fayre Byldings burnt to dust,
Such reuell raignde, that men did liue by lust:
But since they came, and peelded vnto Lawe,
Most meeke as Lambe, within one poke they drawe.

How Lawe
and loue links
men together
like breithren.

Like byethren now, doe Welshmen still agree,
In as much loue, as any men aliue:
The friendship there, and concord that I see,
I doe compare, to Bees in Honey hiue.
Which keepe in swarme, and hold together still,
Yet gladly shoue, to straunger great good will:
A courteous kynd, of loue in euery place,
A man may finde, in simple peoples face.

The accus-
med courtesie
of Wales.

Passé where you please, 'on Plaine or Mountaine wilde,
And beare your selfe, in swæte and ciuill sozt:

And

of Wales.

And you shall sure, be haulst with man and childe,
Who will salute, with gentle comely port
The passers by: on braues they stand not so,
Without good speech, to let a trau'ler go:
They thinke it dett, and duetie franke and free,
In Towne or fielde, to yeeld you cap and knee.

They will not strue, to royst and take the way,
Of any man, that trauailes through their Land:
A greater thing, of Wales now will I say,
Ye may come there, beare purse of gold in hand,
Or mightie bagges, of siluer stuffed throwe,
And no one man, dare touch your treasure now:
Which shewes some grace, doth rule and gypde them there,
That doth to God, and man such Conscience beare.

Behold besides, a further thing to note,
The best cheape cheare, they haue that may be found:
The shot is great, when each mans paies his groate,
If all alike, the reckoning runneth round.
There market good, and victuals nothing deare,
Each place is filde, with plentie all the peare:
The ground mannurde, the graine doth so encrease,
That thousands liue, in wealth and blessed peace.

But come againe, vnto their courteous shoe,
That wins the hearts, of all that markes the same:
The like whereof, through all the world doe goe,
And scarce ye shall, finde people in such frame.
For meeke as Doue, in lookes and speech they are,
Not rough and rude, (as spitefull tongues declare)
No sure they seeme, no sooner out of shell,
(But nature shewes) they knowe good maners well.

How can this be, that weaklings nurst so harde,
(Who barely goes, both barefoote and vnclad)

No such theft
and robberie
in Wales as in
other Coun-
tries.

Victuals good
cheape in most
part of Wales

A great re-
buke to those
that speakes
not truly of
Wales.

Good disposi-
tion neuer
wants good
maners.

B 2

In

The worthines

In giftes of mynd, should haue so great regarde,
Except within, from birth some grace were byed.
It must be so, doe wit not me deceaue,
What nature giues, the world cannot bereaue:
In this remaines, a secrete worke deuine,
Which shewe they rise, from auncient race and line.

Good & true
Authors that
affirmes more
goodnesse in
Wales than
I write of.

In Authoys old, you shall that plainly reade,
Geraldus one, and learned Geffrey two:
The third for troth, is Venerable Beade,
That many graue, and worthe workes did doe.
What needes this profe, or genalogies here,
Their noble blood, doth by their liues appeare:
Their stately Townes, and Castles euery where,
Of their renawme, doth daily witnesse beare.

A description of Mon- mouth Shiere.

Two Riuers
by Mōmouth,
the one called
Monnow,
and the other
Wye.

First I begin, at auncient Monmouth now,
That stands by Wye, a Riuer large and long:
I will that Shiere, and other Shieres goe throwe,
Describe them all, or els I did them wrong.
It is great blame, to writers of our daies,
That treates of world, and giues to Wales no praise:
They rather hyde, in clowde (and cunning foyle)
That Land than pels, right gloxie to that Soyle,

King Henry
the fifth.
Neere the
Towne Sir
Charles Har-
bert of Troy
dwelt in a faire
Seate called
Troy.

A King of ours, was bozne in Monmouth sure,
The Castle there, records the same a right:
And though the walles, which cannot still endure,
Through soze decay, shewes nothing fayre to sight.
In Seate it selfe, (and well plasse Citie old)
By view ye may, a Princely plot behold:

End

of Wales.

Good mynds they had, that first those walles did raise,
That makes our age, to thinke on elders daies.

The King here bozne, did proue a péeceles Prince;
He conquerd Fraunce, and raignd nine péeres in hap:
There was not here, so great a Victoz since,
That had such chaunce, and Fortune in his lap.
For he by fate, and force did couet all,
And as turne came, stroke hard at Fortunes ball:
With manly mynd, and ran a reddie way,
To lose a ioynt, or winne the Gole by play.

If Monmouth bring, such Princes forth as this,
A Soyle of grace, it shalbe calde of right:
Speake what you can, a happie Seate it is,
A trim Shiere towne, for Noble, Barron or Knight.
A Cittie sure, as free as is the best,
Where Size is kept, and learned Lawyers rest:
Buylt auncient wise, in swéete and wholesome ayre,
Where the best sort, of people oft repayre.

Not farre from thence, a famous Castle fine,
That Ragglan high, stands moted almost round:
Made of Freestone, byright as straight as line,
Whose workmanship, in beantie doth abound.
The curious knots, wrought all with edged toole,
The stately Tower, that looks ore Pond and Poole:
The Fountaine trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth yéeld in showe, a rare and noble sight.

Now Chepstowe comes, to mynd (as well it may)
Whose Seate is set, some part vpon an hill:
And through the Towne, to Neawport lyes a way,
That ore a Bridge, on Wye you ride at will.
This Bridge is long, the Riuer swift and great,
The Mountaign bigge, about doth shade the Seate:

At Wynestow
now dwels Sir
Thomas Har-
bert, a little
from the same
Troy.

Maister Roger
Ieames dwelt
at Troy nere
this Towne.

The Earle of
Worcesters
house and
Castle.
The Earle of
Penbroke that
was created
Earle by King
Edward the 4.
buylt the Ca-
stell of Rag-
glan sump-
tuously at the
first.
Earle of Wor-
cester Lord
hereof.
A faire bridge.
Maister Lewis
of Saint Peere
dwelles nere
that.

The worthines

Sir Charles
Sommerfet at
the Grange
doth dwell
now.

Sir William
Morgan that
is dead dwelt
at Pennycoyd.

Harbet of Col-
broke buried
there.

Chepstow.
In the Castle
there is an an-
cient tower
called Longis
tower, wherby
rests a tale to
be considered
of.

Of this Earle
is a great and
worthie tale to
be heard.

A peece of a
petigree.
Earle Strong-
bowe was ma-
ried to the
King of Lyn-
sters Daughter
in Ireland, and
this Strong-
bowe wan by
force of armes
the Earledoms
of Wolster &
Tyroll.

The craggie Rocks, that ope the Towne doth lye,
Of force farre of, doth hinder biewe of eye.

The common Port, and Hauen is so good,
It merits praise, because Barkes there doe ride:
To which the Sea, comes in with flowing flood,
And doth foure howers, aboue the Bridge abide.
Beyond the same, doth Tynnterne Abbey stand,
As old a Sell, as is within that Land:
Where diuers things, hath bene right worthie note,
Whereof as yet, the troth I haue not gote.

To Chepstowe yet, my pen agayne must passe,
Where Strongbow once, (an Earle of rare renowne)
A long time since, the Lord and Maister was
(In princely sort) of Castle and of Towne.
Then after that, to Mowbray it befell,
Of Norfolke Duke, a worthie knowne full well:
Who sold the samet, o William Harbert Knight,
That was the Earle, of Penbrooke then by right.

His eldest Sonne, that did succede his place,
(Of Huntynghton: and Penbrooke Earle likewise)
Had but one childe, a Daughter of great race:
And she was matcht, with posmye and solempne guise,
To Somerset, that was Lord Chamberlaine,
And made an Earle, in Henry seuenths raigne:
Of him doth come, Earle Worster liuing now,
Who buildeth by, the house of Ragglan thow.

A Creation of an Earle.

E Dward by the grace of God, King most imperiall,
Of France, & England, & the Lord of Ireland therewithall,
To Archbishops, & Bishops all, to Abbotes and to Priours
To Dukes, to Earles, to Barrons, & to Sheriffes of the shires,
To

of Wales.

To Iustices, to Maiors, and chiefe of Townly gouernment,
To Baylieffes, & my lichfolke all, haue herewith greeting sent.
Knowe ye whereas we iudge it is a gracious Prince his parte,
To yeld loue, fauour, and reward to men of great desarte:
Who of himselfe, his Royall house, and of the publique state,
Haue well deseru'd, their vertues rare euer to renumerate:
And to adorne with high reward, such vertue clære and bright,
Stirs others by to great attempts, and faintnes puts to flight.
We following on the famous course, by former Kings haue run,
That wortheie & approued wight, whose deedes most nobly dun,
Haue greatest things of vs deseru'd, we do intend to raise,
To fame and honours highest type, with gifts of Princely praise,
That truely regall are we meane, that valiant wortheie Knight,
That William Herbert hath to name, & now L. Herbert hight.
Whose seruice whē we first did raigue, we did most faithfull find,
When for our royal right we fought, which stil we call to mind:
To which we ad from then till now, continuall seruices,
Which many were whereof each one, to vs most pleasing is.
And chiefly when as lately now, his deedes did him declare,
A wortheie Knight wherby he gayn'd, both fame and glozie rare:
When as that Rebelle and our foe, euen Iasper Tudys sonne,
who said he Earle of Penbroke was, did westwales coast oerū.
And there by subtile shifts and force, did diuers sondrie waies
Anoy our State, and therewithall a vyle Sedition raise.
But there he gaue to him a fiede, and with a valiant hand
Orethrew him and his forces all, that on his part did stand.
And marching all along those Coasts, by most he flew out right,
The rest he brake and so disperst, they gaue themselves to flight.
Our Castle then of Hardelach, that from our first daies raigne,
A refuge for all Rebels did, against vs still remaine:
A Fort of wonderous force, besiege about did he,
And toke it, where in most mens mynds, it could not taken be.
He wan it & did make them yeld, who there their lastie fought,
And all the Countrie thereabouts, to our obedience brought.
These therefore his most wortheie Acts, we calling into minde,
His seruices and great desarts, which we praise wortheie finde:
And

The worthines

And for that cause we willing him, with honors royally
 For to adorne, decke, and aduance, and to sublime on hye.
 The eight day of September, in the eight yere of our Raigne,
 We by this Charter, that for ours shall firme for euer remaine:
 Of speciall grace and knowledge sure, sound and determinate,
 And motiō māere him William doe, of Penbroke Count create
 Erect, preferre, and vnto him the Title stile and state,
 And name thereof and dignitie, for euer appropriate,
 As Earle of Penbroke and withall, we giue all rights that do
 All honors and preheminence, that state perteyne vnto:
 With which estate, stile, honor, great, and worthie dignitie,
 By cincture of a Sword, we him ennoble reallie.

The Authors
 verses in the
 honor of no-
 ble mynds.

For that the sence, and worthie words were great,
 The seruice such, as merites noble fame:
 The forme thereof, in verse I doe repeate,
 And shewe likewise, the Lattin of the same.
 He seru'd a King, that could him well reward,
 And of his house, and race tooke great regard,
 And recompens't, his manly doing right,
 With honor due, to such a noble Knight.

Good men are
 made of, and
 bad men re-
 buked.

Where loyall mynd, doth offer life and all,
 For to preserue, the Prince and publique state:
 There doth great hap, and thankfull Fortune fall,
 As guerdon sent, by destiny and good fate.
 No Soueraine can, forget a Subjects troeth,
 With whose good grace, great loue and fauour goeth:
 Great gifts and place, great glozie and renowne,
 They get and gayne, that truely serues a Crowne.

Sir William
 Harbert of
 Saint Gillyans.

And thou my Knight, that art his heire in blood,
 Though Lordship, land, and Ragglands statelie towers,
 A female heire, and force of fortunes flood
 Haue thee bereft, yet bearest his fruits and flowers:

His

of Wales.

His armes, his name, his faith and mynd are thynne,
By nature, nurture, arte and grace deupne:
Ore Seas and Lands, these moue thée paynes to take,
For God, for fame, for thy swæte Soueraines sake.

Here followeth the Creation of an Earle of Penbroke in Latin.

EDwardus Dei gracia Rex Anglię & Frauncię & Dominus Hibernię, Archiepiscopis, Episcopis, Abbatib⁹, Prioribus, Ducibus, Comitibus, Baronibus, Iusticiarijs, Vicecomitibus, Prepositis, Ministris, & omnibus Balliuis, & fidelibus suis, salutē. Sciatis quod cum felicis & grati admodum Regis munus censeamus, de se, de Regia domo, deque Republica & regno bene meritas personas, cōgruis amore, beneuolentia & liberalitate prosequi: denique & iuxta eximias probitates, easdem magnificentius ornare & decorare, quatenus in personis huiuscemodi congestis clarissimis virtutum præmijs ceteri, socordia ignauiaque sepositis ad peragenda pulcherrima quæque facinora laude & gloria concitentur: Nos ne à maiorum nrō laudatissimis moribus discedere videamur, nostri esse officij putamus probatissimū nobis virum qui ob res ab se clarissimè gestas quàm maxima de nobis promeruit, condignis honorū fastigijs attollere & verè regijs insignire muneribus. Strenuum & insignem loquimur militē Willūm Herbert Dominum Herbart, iam defunctū, cuius in regni nostri primordijs obsequia gratissima tum nobis multipliciter impensa cum nrō pro iure decertaretur, satis ambigūē obliuisci non possumus accedere & de post in hoc vsque temporis continuata seruicia, que non parum nobis fuere complacita, presertim nuperimis hijs diebus quibus optimum se gessit militem, ac non mediocres sibi laudis & fame titulos comparauit. Hijs equidem iam pridē cū Rebellis, hostisque nostri Iasper Owini Tedur filliū, nuper Pembrochię se Comitem dicens, Walliæ partes per-
C uaderet,

The worthines

uaderet, multaque arte ad contra nos & statum nostrum vilem populo seditionem concitandum truculentiam moliretur, societatis sibi ad eandem rem conficiendam electissimis viris fidelibus nostris arma cepit, configendi copiam hostibus exhibuit, adeoque valida manu peruasus ab ipsis partes peruagatus est & nusquam eis locum permiserit quo non eos complicesque affligauerit, vires eorundem fregerit, morteque affecerit, seu desperantes in fugam propulerit, demum Castrum nostrum de Hardelagh nobis ab initio regni nostri contrarium, quo vnicum miseris patebat refugium, obsidione vallabat, quod capi impossibile ferebatur, cepit, inclusosque ad deditionem compulit, adiacentem quoque primam omnem nostram Regiæ Maiestati rebellem hætenus ad summam obedientiam reduxit. Hæc itaque sua laudabilia obsequia, promeritaque memoriter & vt decet intimè recolentes volentesque proinde eundem Willûm condignis honoribus, regalibusque præmijs ornare amplificare & sublimare, octauo die Septembris anno regni nostri octauo, per Chartam nostram de gratia nostra speciali ac ex certa scientia & mero motu nostris ipsum Willûm in Comitem Pembrochiæ ereximus, præfecerimus, & creauerimus, & ei nomē, statum, stilum, titulum, & dignitatem Comitis Pembrochie cum omnibus & singulis præeminencijs honoribus & ceteris quibuscunque huius statui Comitis pertinentibus, siue congruis dederimus & concesserimus, ipsumque huiusmodi statu, stilo, titulo, honore, & dignitate per cincturam gladij insigniuerimus, & realiter nobilitauerimus.

This was set downe, for causes more then one,
The world belæues, no more than it hath seene:
When things lye dead, and tyme is past and gone,
Blynd people say, it is not so we weene.
It is a tale, deuilde to please the eare,
More for delight, of toyes then troth may beare:
But those that thinks, this may a fable be,
To Authoꝝ good, I send them here from me.

¶

of Wales.

First let them search, Records as I haue done,
Then shall they finde, this is most certaine true:
And all the rest, before I here begun,
Is taken out, not of no writers new.
The oldest sort, and soundest men of skill
Myne Authoꝝ are, now reade their names who will:
Their workes, their words, and so their learning through,
Shall shewe you all, what troth I write of now.

BEcause many that fauoured not Wales (parciall writers and
histoꝝians) haue written & set downe their owne opinions, as
they pleased to publish of that Countrey: I therefore a little de-
gresse from the orderly matter of the booke, and touch somewhat
the workes and wordes of them that rashly haue written more
then they knewe, or well could proue.

As learned men, hath wrote graue workes of poe,
So great regard, to native Soyle they had:
For such respect, I blame now Pollydore:
Because of Wales, his iudgement was but bad.
If Buckanan, the Scottish Poet late
Were here in spite, of Brittons to debate:
He should finde men, that would with him dispute,
And many a pen, which would his workes confute.

But with the dead, the quick may neuer strive,
(Though sondꝝie workes, of theirs were little worth)
Yet better farre, they had not bene aliue,
Than some such seedes, as brings no goodnesse forth:
Their praise is small, that plucks backe others fame,
Their loue not great, that blots out neighbours name,
Their bookes but bꝛawles, their bable bawd and bare,
That in disbaire, of fables writers are.

What fable more, then say they knowe that thing
They neuer sawe, and so giue iudgement streight:

The worthines

And by their bookes, the world in error bring,
That thinks it reades, a matter of great weight.
When that a tale, of much vntroth is told:
Thus all that shines, and glisters is not gold:
Nor all the bookes, that auncient Fathers wrote
Are not alowd, for troth in euery state.

Though Caesar was, a wise and worthie Prince,
And conquerd much, of Wales and England both:
The writers than, and other Authors since,
Did flatter tyme, and still abuse the troth.
Some for a fee, and some did humors feede,
When soe was healde, to make a wound to bleede:
And some sought meanes, their patient still to please,
When body throve, was full of foule disease.

The worldly wits, that with each tyme would wagge,
Were carped cleane, away from wisdomes loze:
They rather watcht, to fill an emptie bagge,
Than touch the tyme, then present or before:
Nor car'd not much, for future tyme to come,
They rould vp tyme, like threede about the thomes:
And when their clue, on trifles all was spent,
Such rotten stuffe, vnto the garment went.

Which stuffe patcht vp, a peece of homely ware,
In Printers shop, set out to sale sometyme:
Which ill wrought worke, at length became so bare,
It neither seru'd, for prose nor pleasant ryme:
But past like chat, and old wiues tales full bayne,
That thunders long, but neuer brings forth rayne:
A kynd of sound, that makes a hurling noyse,
To feare young babes, with brute of bugges and toys.

But aged sires, of riper wit and skill,
Disdaines to reade, such rabble fast with lyes:

This

of Wales.

This is enough, to shewe you my goodwill
Of Authoꝝ true, and wꝛiters graue and wise.
Whose pen shall proue, each thing in printed booke,
Whose eyes withall, on matter straunge did looke:
And whose great charge, and labour witnesse beares,
Their words are iust, they offer to your eares.

Each Nation had, some wꝛiter in their daies
For to aduance, their Countrey to the Starres:
Homer was one, who gaue the Greekes great praise,
And honoꝝd not, the Troyans for their warres.
Liui among, the Romaines wꝛate right mitch,
With rare renowne, his Countrey to enritch:
And Pollidore, did ply the pen a pace,
To blurre straunge Soyles, and yeld the Romaines grace.

Admit they wꝛate, their volumes all of troeth,
(And did affect, ne man nor matter then)
Yet wꝛiter sees, not how all matters goeth
In field: when he, at home is at his pen.
This Pollidore, sawe neuer much of Wales,
Though he haue told, of Brittons many tales:
Cæsar himself, a Victor many a way,
Went not so farre, as Pollidore doth say.

Kings are obayd, where they were neuer seene,
And men may write, of things they heare by eare:
So Pollidore, oft tymes might ouerwæne,
And speake of Soyles, yet he came neuer there.
Some runne a ground, that thꝛough each water failes,
A Pilot good, in his owne Compasse failes:
A wꝛiter that, belæues in worlds report,
May roue to farre, or surely shoote to short.

The eye is iudge, as Lanterne clære of light,
That searcheth thꝛough, the dim and darkest place:

The worthines

The glad some eye, giues all the bodie sight,
It is the glasse, and beautie of the face.
But where no face, nor iudging eye both come,
The sence is blynd, the spirit is deasse and dome:
For wit can not, conceiue till sight send in
Some skill to head, whereby we knowledge win.

If straungers speake, but straungely on our state,
Thinke nothing straunge, though straungers wryte amis:
If straungers do, our native people hate,
Our Countrey knowes, how straunge their nature is.
Most straunge it were, to trust a forayne foe,
Or fauour those, that we for straungers knowe:
Then straungely reade, the bookes that straungers make,
For feare ye shroude, in bosome stinging Snake.

Polidorus Virgilus spake all
of his owne
nations praise,
and sawe but
little of Brit-
taine, nor lo-
ued the same.

The straungers still, in auncient tyme that wate,
Exalt themselues, and keepe vs vnder foote:
As we of kynd, and nature doe them hate,
So beare they rust, and canker at the roote
Of heart, to vs, when pen to paper goeth,
Their cunning can, with craft so cloke a troeth,
That hardy we, shall haue them in the winde,
To smell them forth, or yet their finenesse finde.

Venerable Bede, a noble
writer.

Gildas, a pas-
sing Poet of
Brittaine.

Of force then must, you credite our owne men,
(Whose vertues works, a glorious garland gaynes)
Who had the gift, the grace and arte of pen:
And who did wryte, with such sweete flowing baynes,
That Honey seem'd, to drop from Poets quill:
I say no more, trust straungers and ye will,
Our Countrey breeds, as faithfull men as those,
As famous too, in stately verse or prose.

Sibilla, a de-
uine Prophe-
sar & writer.

And trueth I trowe, is likte among vs best:
For each man frounes, when fabling toyes they heare,

And

of Wales.

And though we count, but Robin Hood a Jest,
And old wiues tales, as tatling toyes appeare:
Yet Arthurs raigne, the world cannot denye,
Such proſe there is, the troth thereof to trye:
That who ſo ſpeakes, againſt ſo graue a thing,
Shall bluſh to blot, the fame of ſuch a King.

Merlinus Ambroſius, a man
of hie know-
ledge & ſpirit.

Condemne the daies, of elders great or ſmall,
And then blurre out, the courſe of preſent tyme:
Caſt one age downe, and ſo doe oꝛethrow all,
And burne the booke, of printed proſe or tyme:
Who ſhall beleue, he rules or ſhe doth raigne
In tyme to come, if wꝛiters looſe their paine:
The pen records, tyme paſt and preſent both,
Skill bꝛings forth booke, and booke is nurie to troth.

Now followes the Caſtles and Townes neere Oske, and there aboutes.

A Pretie Towne, calde Oske neere Ragglan ſtands,
A Riuer there, doth beare the ſelfeſame name:
His Chriſtall ſtreames, that runnes along the Sands,
Shewes that it is, a Riuer of great fame.
Fresh water ſweete, this goodly Riuer yelds,
And when it ſwells; it ſpreads oꝛ all the fielde:
Great ſtoꝛe of Fiſh, is caught within this flood,
That doth in deede, both Towne and Countrey good.

A deſcription
of Oske.

A thing to note, when Sammon ſailes in Wye,
(And ſeaſon there: goes out as oꝛder is)
Than ſtill of courſe, in Oske doth Sammons lye,
And of good Fiſh, in Oske you ſhall not miſ.
And this ſeemes ſtraunge, as doth through Wales appeere,
In ſome one place, are Sammons all the yeere:

Two Riuer
nere together
of ſeueral na-
tures, ſhewes a
ſtraunge thing.

So

The worthines

So fresh, so swæte, so red, so crimp withall,
As man might say, loe, Sammon here at call.

King Edward the fourth and his children,
(as some affirme), and King Richard the thiid, were borne here.

A Castle there, in Oske doth yet remaine,
A Seate where Kings, and Princes haue bene boyned
It stands full oze, a goodly pleasant Plaine,
The walles whereof, and towers are all to tozne,
(With wethers blast, and tyme that weares all out)
And yet it hath, a fayre prospect about:
Trim Meades and walkes, along the Riuers side,
With Bridge well built, the force of flood to bide.

Castle Stroge doth yet remaine three myle from Oske, but the Castle is almost cleane downe.

Upon the side, of wooddie hill full fayre,
This Castle stands, full soze decayde and broke:
Yet builded once, in fresh and wholesome ayre,
Full nere great Woods, and many a mightie Dke.
But sith it weares, and walles so wastes away,
In praise thereof, I mynd not much to say:
Each thing decayd, goes quickly out of minde,
A rotten house, doth but fewe fauours finde.

In the Duchie of Lancaster, these three Castles are, but not in good plight any way.

Thre Castles fayre, are in a goodly ground,
Grosmont is one, on Hill it builded was:
Skenfretth the next, in Valley is it found,
The Soyle about, for pleasure there doth passe.
Whit Castle is, the third of worthie fame,
The Countrey there, doth beare Whit Castles name,
A stately Seate, a loftie princely place,
Whose beautie giues, the simple Soyles some grace.

The Duke of Yorke once lay here, and now the Castell is in Maior Roger Willeys hands.

Two myles from that, vpon a mightie Hill,
Langibby stands, a Castle once of state:
Where well you may, the Countrey view at will,
And where there is, some buildings newe of late.
A wholesome place, a passing plat of ground,
As good an ayre, as there abouts is found:

of Wales.

It seemes to sight, the Seate was platt so well,
In elders daies, some Duke therein did dwell.

Carleon now, step in with stately style,
No feeble phrase, may serue to set thee forth:
Thy famous Towne, was spoke of many a myle,
Thou hast bene great, though now but little worth.
Thy noble bounds, hath reacht beyond them all,
In thee hath bene, King Arthurs golden Hall:
In thee the wise, and worthies did repose,
And through thy Towne, the water ebs and flowes.

A description
of Carleon.

Maister Mor-
gan of Lan-
ternam in a
fayre house
dwelles two
mile from
Carleon.

Come learned loze with loftrie style,
and leade these lynes of myne:
Come gracious Gods, and spare a whyle
to me the Muses nyne.
Come Poets all, whose passing phrase
doth pearce the finest wits:
Come knowledge whereon world doth gaze,
(yet still in iudgement sits)
And helpe my pen to play his parte,
for pen is kept on stage,
To shewe by skill and cunning arte,
the state of former age.
For present tyme hath friends enowe,
to flatter faune and faine:
And elders daies I knowe not how,
doe dwell in deepe disdaine.
No friend for aunient pæres we finde,
our age loues youth alone:
The former age weares out of minde,
as though such tyme were none.

A plaine and
true rehearall
of matter of
great antiqui-
tie.

A fayre Foun-
taine now be-
gun.
A frice Schoole
now erected
by Maister
Morgan of
Lanternam.

A gird to the
flatterers and
fauners of pre-
sent tyme.

A house of re-
formatiō new-
ly begun like-
wife.

The Bishop of
Landaffe still
lying in the
Towne.

King Arthurs raigne (though true it weare)
Is now of small account:

D

The

The worthines

We praise and extoll strange Nations, and forget or abase our owne Countries.

The fame of Troy is knowne each where,
And to the Skyes doth mount.

Both Athens, Theabes, and Carthage too
We hold of great renowne:
What then I pray you shall we doe,
To poore Carleon Towne.

In Arons the Martyrs Church King Arthur was crowned.

King Arthur sure was crowned there,
It was his royall Seate:
And in that Towne did Scepter beare,
With pompe and honoz greate.

Three Archbishops, Yorke London, and Carleö, crowning King Arthur.

An Archbishop that Dubrick hight,
Did crowne this King in deede:
Foure Kings before him boze in sight,
Foure golden Swords we reede.

Arthur was great, that commanded such solemnitie.

These Kings were famous of renowne,
Yet for their homage due:
Repayd vnto Carleon Towne,
As I rehearse to you.

The true Authors are in the beginning of this booke for proofe of this.

How many Dukes, and Earles withall,
Good Authors can you tell:
And so true writers shewe you shall,
How Arthur there did dwell.

What Court he kept, what Acts he did,
What Conquest he obtaynd:
And in what Princely honoz still,
King Arthur long remaynd.

Another notable solemnitie at a Coronation.

Queene Gueneuer was crown'd likewise,
In Iulius Church they say:

Where

of Wales.

Where that fower Quéenes in solemne guise,
(In royall rich aray).

Foure Pigeons white, boze in their hands
Before the Princesse face:
In signe the Quéene of Brittilsh Lands,
Was worthe of that grace.

Carleon lodged all these Kings,
And many a noble Knight:
As may be prou'd by sondrie things,
That I haue seene in sight.

The bounds hath bene nine myles about,
The length thereof was great:
It shewes it self this day throughout,
It was a Princes Seate.

In Arthurs tyme a Table round,
Was there whereat he sate:
As yet a plot of goodly ground,
Sets forth that rare estate.

The Citie reacht to Creetchurch than,
And to Saint Gillyans both:
Which yet appeares to view of man,
To trye this tale a troth.

There are such Autes and hollowe Caues,
Such walles and Conditis dépe:
Made all like pypes of earthen pots,
Wherein a child may créepe.

Such streates and pauements sondrie waies,
To euery market Towne:

In Iustus
Church the
Martyr the
Queene was
crowned.
An honor rare
and great yet
feldome seene.

A deepe and
large round
peece of ground
shewes yet
where Arthur
sate.

A Church on
a hil a mile of.
Saint Gillyans
is a faire house
where Sir Wil-
liam Harbert
dwelles.

Wonderfull
huge and long
pauements.

D 2

Such

The worthines

Such Bridges built in elders daies,
And things of such renoune.

The notablest
seate to behold
being on the
top that may
be seene. As men may muse of to behold,
But chiefly for to note:
There is a Castle very old,
That may not be forgot.

The Castle al-
most downe. It stands byon a forced Hill,
Not farre from flowing flood:
Where loe ye view long Tales at will,
Enuyron'd all with wood.

The flowing
water may ea-
sily be brought
about both
Towne and
Castle. A Seate for any King aliue,
The Soyle it is so sweete:
Fresh springs doth streames of water byue,
Almost through euery create.

A great beau-
tie of grounds,
waters, groues,
& other plea-
sures for the
eye to be seene
from the old
Castle of Car-
leon. From Castle all these things are seene,
as pleasures of the eye:
The goodly Groues and Vallies greene,
and wooddie Mountaines hye.
The crooked Creekes and pretie Brookes,
that are amid the Plaine;
The flowing Tydes that spreadd the land,
and turnes to Sea againe.

I haue seene
Caues vnder
ground (at this
day) that goe I
knowe not
how farre, all
made of excel-
lent work, and
goodly great
stones both o-
uer head and
vnder foote, & The stately Woods that like a hope,
doth compasse all the Vale:
The Princely plots that stand in troope,
to beautifie the Dale.
The Riuers that doth daily runne,
as cleare as Christall stone:
Shewes that most pleasures vnder Sunne,
Carleon had alone.
Great ruth to see so braue a Soyle,
Fall in so soze decay:

In

of Wales.

In sorow we sit, full nere the soyle,
As Fortune fled away.

dose and fine
round about
the whole
Cauc.

And worlde forsooke to knowledge those,
That earst hath bene so greate:
Where Kings and graue Philosophers,
Hade once therein their Seate.

Vrbs legionum was it namde,
In Cæsars daies I trowe:
And Arthur holding residence there,
(As stozies plainly showe).

The name so
mightie ar-
gues it was a
mightie and
noble towne.

Not only Kings and noble Pæres,
Repayrde vnto that place:
But learned men full many pæres,
Receiue therein their grace.

Two hundred
Philosophers
were nori-
shed in Car-
leon.

Than you that auncient things denyes,
Let now your talke surcease:
When prose is brought before your eyes,
Ye ought to hold your peace.

And let Carleon haue his right,
And ioye his wonted fame:
And let each wise and worthe wight,
Speake well of Arthurs name.

Yeeld right as
well to our el-
ders daies, as
to our present
age.

Would God the brute thereof were knowne,
In Countrey, Court, and Towne:
And she that sits in reagal Throne,
With Scepter, Sword, and Crowne.

(Who came from Arthurs rase and lyne)
Would marke these matters throue:

D 3

And

The worthines

And shewe thereon her gracious eyne,
To helpe Carleon now.

Thus farre my pen in Archurs praise,
Hath past for plainnesse sake:
In honoz of our elders daies,
That keepes my muse awake.

All only for to publish plaine,
Tyme past, tyme present both:
That tyme to come, may well retaine,
Of each good tyme, the troth.

¶ An Introduction to the Letters sent from Lucius Tyberius, at the Coro- nation of King Arthur.

Not vnwilling to delate and make large the matter now
written of, & further because the raigne of King Arthur
is diuersly treated on and vncertainly spoken of (the men
of this world are growen so wise) I haue searched and found (in
good Authozs) such certaintie of King Arthur, and matter that
merits the reading, that I am compelled with pen to explaine,
and with some paines and studie to present the world with in ge-
nerall. The substance whereof being in Latin, (may be read and
vnderstood by thousands) is englished because the common sorte
(as well as the learned) shall see how little the Kings and Prin-
ces of this Land, haue esteemed the power of the Romaines, or
manasing and force of any foraine foe whatsoeuer. And for the
amending of my tale, let our Soueraigne Ladie be well conside-
red of, (whose graces passeth my pen to shewe) and you shall see
great things are encountred, and no small matters gone about
and brought to good passe, in the action afoze named: which be-
commeth well a Queene of that race, who is descended of so no-
ble a progenie. But now purposing orderly to proceede to the
former

of Wales.

former discourse, and to rehearse word for word, as it was left by our forefathers, (men of great learning and knowledge) I haue set doune some such Letters and Orations, as peraduenture will make you to maruell of, or at the least to thinke on so much, that some one among a multitude, will yeeld me thanks for my labour, and rather encourage a true writer to continue in the like exercises, then to giue him any occasion to sit idle, and so forget the vse of pen. There followeth hereafter those things before mentioned, which I hope the Readers will iudge with aduise-ment, and construe to the best intent and meaning. If or this mat-ter not only shewes by good authoritie the royall Coronation of King Arthur, but in like manner declares with what pride and pomp the Romaines sent hether (at the very instant of this great triumph) for tribute and homage: at which proud and presumptuous demaund, King Arthur (and all his other Princes about him) began to bee greatly moued, and presently without further delay, gaue so sharpe and sodaine an answer to the Embassadors of Rome, that they were so bered and abashed therewith, that they neither knewe well how to take it, nor made any further re-ply: as followes by matter presently here, if you please thoroughly to reade it. Consider withall, that after this Embassage, King Arthur in plaine battaile slue Lucius, and had gone to Rome to haue bene crowned Emperour there, if Mordred had not made a reuolt in Arthurs owne kingdome.

**The Coronation, and solemnitie ther-
of:** *The Embassage, and proude message of the
Romaines: And the whole resolution of
King Arthur therein, is first set
forth here in English.*

THE appoynted tyme of the solemnitie approaching, and all being readie assembled in the Citie of Carleon, the Arch-
bishops, London and Yorke: and in the Citie of Carleon
the Archbishop Dubright were conueighed to the Palace, with
royall

The worthines

royall solemnitie to crowne King Arthur. Dubright therefore (because the Court then lay within his Diocesse, furnished himselfe accordingly to perfourme and solemnize this charge in his owne person. The King being crowned, was royally brought to the Cathedrall Church of that Metropolitickall See. On either hand of him, both the right and the left, did two Archbishops support him. And fower Kings, to wit, Angusell King of Albania, Caduall King of Venedocia, Cador King of Cornewall, & Sater King of Demetia, went before him, carping iiii. golden Swords. The companies also and concourse of sondrie sorts of officers, played afoze him most melodious & heavenly harmonie. On the other parte, the Quene was brought to the Church of professed Ruines, being conducted and accompanied with Archbishops and Bishops, with her Armes and titles royally garnished. And the Quenes, being wiues vnto the fower Kings aforesayd, carped before her (as the order and custome was) fower white Doves or Pigeons.

For behold, twelue discrete personages of reuerend countenance came to the King in statelly maner, carping in their right hands in token and signe of Ambassage, Oliue boughes. And after they had saluted him, they deliuered vnto him on the behalfe of Lucius Tyberius, Letters contayning this effect.

The Epistle of Lucius the Romaine *Lieutenant, to Arthur King of Britaine.*

Lucius Gouverner of the Commonwealth, to Arthur King of Britaine, as he hath deserued. I haue exceedingly wondered to thinke of thy malepert and tyrannicall dealing. I doe meruaile (I say) and in considering the matter, I am angrie and take in ill part, the iniurie that thou hast offered to Rome: and that thou, no better aduising thy self, refuselt to acknowledge her. Neither hast thou any care speedelie to redresse thyne oversight, thus by vniust dealings to offend the Senate: vnto whom thou

of Wales.

thou art not ignorant, that the whole world stweth homage and service. For the Tribute done for Britaine which the Senate commaunded thee to pay; for that Iulius Cæsar, and other worthy Romaines long and many yeeres enioyed the same, thou to the contempt of such an honorable Estate, hast presumed to detain and keepe backe. Thou hast also taken from them Gallia: thou hast wonne from them, the Provinces of Sauioy and Dauphinie: thou hast gotten the possession of all the Ilands of the Ocean: the Kings whereof (so long as the Romaine authoritie was there obeyed) payed Tribute to our Ancestors. Sith therefore the Senate hath decreed to redemaund amends and restitution at thy hands for these thy so great wrongs, I enioyne and commaund thee to come to Rome in the middest of August the next yeere; there to answer unto thy Lords, and to abyde such sentence and order, as they by iustice shall lay vpon thee. Which thing if thou refuse to doe, I will inuade thy Countries, and whatsoeuer thy wilfull rashnes hath disloyally taken away from their Commonwealth, that will I by dint of sword, assaye to recouer and to them restore.

Allobroges

¶ Cadour the Duke of Cornewall

his Oration to the King.

I haue hitherto bene in feare, least the Britaines through much ease and long peace, should growe to sloth and cowardize, and lose that honorable reputation of Cheualrie and martiall prowesse, wherein they are generally accoumpted to surmount all other Nations. For where the vse of Armes is not esteemed, but in steede thereof, Dyring, Carding, dalsing with women and other bayne delites frequented, it cannot chuse, but there cowardize and sluggardie must needes dimme and deface all vertue, honour, valiaunce, and fame. There bee now almost fve yeeres passed, since we hauing lacked Martial exercise, have effeminately bene nuzzled in these foresayd delites. God therefore not willing to see vs any longer marred and stayned with sluggardie,

C

hath

The worthines

hath stirred by the Romaines, that they should be the meanes to reduce our auncient balour vnto the former state and dignitie. Where hee vsed these and such like wordes, confirmed by those that were there at that tyme in presence, they came at length to their Benches or Seates, where after that euery person was set and placed; Arthur vsed this speech vnto them.

The Oration of Arthur to his Lords and people.

My fellowes (sayth he) and companyons both of aduersitie and prosperitie: whose fidelities I haue heretofore both in your sound counsels, and in exployting militare seruices had good tryall and experience of: listen now and affoord vnto me your aduise, and wisely foresee, what you thinke conuenient for vs, touching such demaunds and commaundements, to be done. For, when a thing is wisely aforehand deliberated and carefully foreseeene, when it commeth to the pinch, it is more easilie auoyded and tolerated. We shall therefore the easier bee able to abyde the imperious demaund of Lucius, if wee lay our heads together and foresee, how and which way, wee may best defeate and infringe the same. And (surely) for my part, I doe not thinke that we haue any cause greatly to feare him, sith vpon an vnreasonable cause he seeketh to haue a tribute payed out of Britaine. For, he alleageth, that the same is due and payable to him, because it was payd to Iulius Caesar and others his Successors, which being inuited and called hether through the discorde and iarres of the auncient Britaines, arrived here in Britaine with numbers of armed Soldiours: and with force and vpolence, brought vnder their subiection, this our Countrey, miserably tossed with ciuile garboyles and domesticall discord. And because they in this sort, got the possession of it, they haue since taken and vniustly receiued a Tribute out of it. For nothing that is gotten by force and vpolence, is iustly possessed by him that offered the vpolence. The cause therefore which he pretendeth is vnreasonable,
ble,

of VVales.

ble, whereby he demereth vs by law and right to be tributarie vnto them. Sith therfore he thus presumeth to demaund of vs that which is vniust: let vs by the same reason, demaund of him, tribute at Rome: & he that is the stronger, let him carie away that which he desireth and claymeth. For, if his reason, why he demaundeth tribute now, as due, to be payed by vs, because Cæsar and other Romaine Princes sometymes conquered Britaine be good: by the like reason, I doe thinke that Rome ought to pay tribute to mee, because my Predecessors heretofore wanne and subdued it. For Belinus that most noble King of Britaines, with the helpe and ayde of his brother Brennus Duke of Sauoy, toke by force that Citie, and long while possessed it, hanging vp in the middelt of their chiefe Market place and high streete, twentie of the chiefe Nobles among them. Constantine also the sonne of Helena, and Maximianus likewise, being both of them, my nere Cosens, and either of them successiuelly, crowned King of Britaine, were enthronized in the imperiall Seate of the Romaine Emppie. What thinke ye now? Judge you that the Romaines haue any reason or right to demaunde Tribute at our hands: As touching Fraunce or other collaterall Ilands of the Ocean, it needeth no answer, such they refused to defend them, when we forcibly toke them out of their clutches & iurisdiction.

Allobroges

The answere of Howell King of little Britaine.

Though euery one of you should neuer so diligently consider: and debate with himselfe neuer so aduisedly in his mynd: yet doe I not thinke, that he could possiblie deuise any better counsell then this, which thy most graue wisdom hath now remembred. Thy eloquent and Tullie like aduise therfore, hath furnished vs with that skill, whereby wee ought incessantly to commend in you the affect of a constant man, the effect of a wise mynd, and the benefite of prudent counsell. For, if ye will take your voyage and expedition to Rome, according to the reason &

¶ 2 fore

The worthines

Sybilla her
prophecies
touching the
Britaines.

An exhortatiō
of Howell.

fore alledged, I doubt not, but wee should winne tryumph, sith
wee doe but defend our libertie, and iustly demandaund of our ene-
mies, that, which they haue vniustly begun to demandaund of vs.
For whosoever goeth about to defeate or dispossesse an other of
his right, and to take from him that which is his owne; worthy-
lie and deseruedlie may bee put from that, which is his owne, by
him to whom he hath offered and done such wrong and violence.
Seeing therefore, the Romaines would so gladly take from vs,
that which is our owne, we will without doubt, take from them
that, which they haue, if we may once come to buckle with them.
Behold this is the conflict that al true hearted Britaines so long
haue wished for: Behold these be the Prophecies of Sybilla now
fulfilled, which so plainly and truely foretolde, that of the third
stock of the Britaines there should one be borne, that should ob-
taine and possesse the Romain Emppre. Now, for two of these,
the Prophecies bee alreadie fulfilled: sithence it is manifest (as
thou hast alreadie declared) that those two most noble and excel-
lent Princes Belinus and Constantine, ouercame, and gaue the
Armes of the Romaine Emppre. And now haue we you, being
the third, vnto whom such high exployt and honour is promised.
Make haste therefore to receiue that which God is readie to be-
stowe on thee. Hasten (I say) to subdue that which he is willing
should be subdued. Hasten to aduance all vs, that are here rea-
die for thyne aduancement & honour, neither to refuse wounds,
nor to lose life and limme. And for thy better atchieving hereof,
I my selfe will accompanie thee with tenne thousand well armed
Souldiours.

ANgusell King of Albania, when Howell had made an ende
of his Oration, began to declare his liking and opinion of
the matter, in this sort following. Since the tyme that I heard
my Lord utter his mynd, touching this case, I haue conceiued
such inwarde ioye as I am not able here afoze you to expresse.
For, in all our victorious Conquests alreadie passed, and in so
many Kings and Regions as wee haue subdued, wee may well
seeme to haue done nothing at all; if wee suffer the Romaines
and

of Wales.

and Germanes still to remaine, and doe not manfully wrecke
 vpon them, those bloodie slaughters, which heretofore they inflic-
 ted vpon our Auncestors and Countreymen. And now sith wee
 haue occasion and libertie to trye the matter with them by force
 of armes, I reioyce exceedingly, and haue a longing thirst to see
 that day, wherein we may meete together; yea I thirst, euen as if
 I had bene dye and kept three daies, thirtie, from a Fountaine
 of water. Oh that I might see that day; how sweete and pleasant
 should those wounds be, that I should either giue or take, when
 we coape together; yea, death it self shall be sweete and welcome,
 so that I may suffer the same in reuenging our fathers, in defen-
 ding our libertie, and in aduancing our King. Let vs therefore
 giue the charge and oncet vpon ponder effeminate and meycocke
 people, and let vs stand to our tackle like men: that after we haue
 banquished them, we may enioye their honors and offices with
 ioyfull victorie. And for my parte, I will augment our Armie
 with two thousand Horsemen well appoynted and armed, beside
 Footemen.

The sentence
 and resolution
 of the King of
 Albania.

FINIS.

Here followeth the Latin of the English
 going before.

OMnibus in vrbe legionum congregatio solemnitate
 instante Archipræsules Londinensis Eboracensis:
 necnon in vrbe legionum Archiepiscopus Dubricius
 ad pallatium ducuntur vt regem Arthurum diademate re-
 gali coronarent Dubricius ergo quoniam in sua duecesi cu-
 ria tenebatur: paratus ad celebrandum huius rei curam sus-
 cepit. Rege tandem insignito ad templum metropolitanæ
 sedis ornatè conducitur: à dextro & à leuolatero duo Archi-
 pontifices ipsum tenebant. Quatuor autem reges viz. Angu-
 selus rex Albanie, Caduallus Venedociæ rex, Cador rex Cor-
 nubia, & Sater rex Demetia: quatuor aureos gladios ante
 ipsum ferentes præibant. Conuentus quoque multimodo-
 cum ordinatorum miris modulationibus præcinebat. Ex a-
 lia parte reginam suis insignibus laureatam Archipræsules

The worthines

atque pontifices ad templum dicatarum puellarum conducebant. Quatuor quoque prædictorum regum reginæ quatuor albas columbas de more præferebant.

Ecce enim duodecim viri maturæ etatis reuerendi vultus ramos oliuæ in signum legationis in dextris ferentes moderatis passibus ad regem ingrediuntur : & eo salutato literæ ipsi ex parte Lucij Tiberij in hæc verba obtulerunt.

*Lucij Romani Procuratoris ad Arthurum
Britonum regem epistola.*

Lucius reipublicæ procurator Arthuro regi Britanniæ quid meruit. Admirans vehementer admiror super tuæ tyrannidis protervia. Admiror inquam & iniuriam quam Romæ intulisti recolligens, indignor quod extra te egressus eam cognoscere diffugas : nec animadvertere festines quid sit iniustus actibus senatum offendisse : cui totum orbem famulatum debere non ignoras. Etenim tributum Britannia quod tibi senatus reddere præceperat : quia Caius Iulius ceterique romanæ dignitatis viri illud multis temporibus habuerunt : neglecto tanti ordinis imperio detinere præsumpsisti. Eripuisti quoque illi Galliam : eripuisti Allobrogum provinciam : eripuisti omnes oceani insulas : quarum reges dum romana potestas in illis partibus perualuit, vectigal maioribus nostris reddiderunt. Quia ergo de tantis iniuriarum tuarum cumulis senatus reparationem petere decreuit mediantem Augustum proximi anni terminum perfigens Romam te venire iubeo : ut dominis tuis satisfaciens sententie quam eorum dictatori iusticia acquiescas. Sin aliter ipse partes tuas adibo & quicquid vesania tua reipublicæ eripuit eidem mediantibus gladijs restituere conabor.

Cadoris ducis Cornubiæ ad regem.

Hucusque in timore fueram ne Britones longa pace quietos ocium quod ducunt ignavos faceret, famamque militiæ qua

of Wales.

qua ceteris gentibus clariores censentur in eis omnino dederet. Quippe ubi usus armorum videtur abesse, alearum vero & mulierum inflammationes, ceteraque oblectamenta adesse: dubitandum non est quin quod erat virtutis: quod honoris, quod audaciæ: quod famæ ignavia commaculet. Fere namque transacti sunt quinque anni ex quo (predictis delictis dediti) exercitio Martis caruimus. Deus igitur ut nos segnitia liberaret: Romanos in hunc affectum induxit ut in pristinum statum nostram probitatem reducerent. Hæc & hijs similia illo cum cæteris dicente venerunt tandem ad sedilia ubi collocatis singulis: Arthurus illos in hunc modum affatus.

Oratio Arthuri ad suos.

Consocij (inquit) aduersitatis & prosperitatis: quorum probitatis hæcenus, & in dandis cõsilijs, & in militijs agendis expertus sum: adhibete & monete nunc unanimiter sensus vestros, & sapienter prouidete quæ super talibus mandatis nobis esse agenda noueritis. Quicquid enim à sapiente diligenter prouidetur cum ad actum accedit facilius toleratur. Facilius ergo inquietationem Lucij tolerare poterimus si communi studio premeditati fuerimus quibus modis eam debilitare instaremus. Quam non multum timendam nobis esse existimo: cum ex irrationabili causa exigat tributum quod ex Britannia habere desiderat. Dicit enim ipsum sibi dare debere quia Iulio Cæsari ceterisque successoribus suis redditum fuerit: qui dissidio priscorū Britonum inuitatem cum armata manu in Britanniam applicuerunt: atque patriam domesticis motibus vacillantē suæ potestati vi, & violētia submiserunt. Quia vero hoc modo eam adepti fuerunt vectigal ex ea iniuste ceperunt. Nihil enim quod vi ut violentia acquiritur iuste ab ipso possidetur qui violentiam metuit.

Irrationabilem ergo causam pretendit: qua nos iure sibi tributarios esse arbitratur. Quoniam ergo id quod iniustum est

The worthines

est à nobis præsumit exigere : consimili ratione petamus ab isto tributum Romæ : & qui fortior superuenerit ferat quod habere exoptauit . Nam si quia Cæsar cæterique romani reges Britanniam olim subiugauerunt vectigal nunc debere sibi ex illa reddi decernit : Similiter nunc ego censeo quam Roma mihi tributum reddere debet : quia antecessores mei eam antiquitus obtinuerunt . Belinus etenim ille Britonum serenissimus rex vsus auxilio fratris sui, Brenni videlicet ducis Allobrogum : suspensis in medio foro viginti nobilioribus Romanis : urbem ceperunt, captamque multis temporibus possederunt . Constantinus etiam Helenæ filius necnon & Maximianus vterque mihi cognatione propinquus alter post alterum diademate Britannię insignitus : thronum Romani imperij adeptus est . Censetis ne ergo vectigal romanis petendum ? De Gallia autem sine de collateralibus insulis oceani non est respondendum : cum illas diffugerent quando easdem potestati eorum subtrahebamus .

Hoeli regis minoris Britannie, responsio.

Licet vnusquisque vestrum totus in se reuersus, omnia, & omnibus animo tractare valuerit non existimo eum præstantius consiliũ posse inuenire quam istud quod modo discretio solertis prudentiæ tuæ recoluit . Proinde etenim prouidit nobis tua deliberatio Tulliano liquore lita . Vnde constantis viri affectum : sapientis animi effectum optimi consilij profectum laudare indefinenter debemus . Nam si iuxta prædictã rationem Romam adire volueris non dubito quin triumpho potiamur : dum libertatem nostrã tueamur dum iuste ab inimicis nostris exigamus quod à nobis iniuste petere incæperunt . Quicunque enim sua alteri eripere conatur merito quæ sua sunt per eum quem impetit amittit . Quia ergo Romani nostra nobis demere affectant : sua illis procul dubio : auferemus si autoritas nobis congregiendi præstabitur

of Wales.

bitur. En congressus cunctis Britonibus desiderandus. En vaticinia sibyllæ quæ veris angurijs testantur: ex Britannico genere tertio nasciturum qui Romanum obtinebit imperiū. De duobus autem adimpleta sunt oracula: cum manifestum sit præclaros ut dixisti principes Belinum atque Constantinum imperij Romani gessisse insignia & imperia. Nunc verò te tertium habemus, cui tantum culmen honoris promittitur. Festina ergo recipere: quod deus non differt largiri. Festina subingere quod ultro vult subingari. Festina nos omnes exaltare qui ut exalteris nec vulnera recipere: nec vitam amittere diffugiamus. Ut autem hæc perficias decem millibus armatorum præsentiam tuam conabor.,.

Vaticinia Sibyllæ de Britonibus.

Exhortatio Hoeli.

Anguselus Albanix rex: ut Hoelus finem dicendi fecerat: quod super hac re affectabat in huc modum manifestare perrexit. Ex dominum meum ea quæ dixit affectare conicei: tanta lætitia animo meo illapsa est: quantam nequeo in vestra presentia exprimere. Nihil enim in transactis debellationibus quas tot & tantis regibus intulimus egisse videmur: si Romani & Germani illesi permaneant: nec in illos clades quas olim nostratibus ingesserunt viriliter vindicemus. Ac nunc quoniam licentia congregiendi permittitur gaudens admodum gaudeo & desiderio diei quo conveniamus æstuans sitio cruorem illorum quemadmodum fontem si triduo prohiberer. O si illam lucem videbo quæ dulcia erunt vulnera quæ vel recipiam vel inferam: quando dextras conferemus. Ipsa etiam mors dulcis erit: dum eam in vindicando patres nostros: in tuendo libertatem nostram: in exaltando regem nostrum perpeffus fuero. Aggrediamur ergo semiviros illos & aggrediendo perstemus ut devictis ipsis eorum honoribus cum læta potiamur victoria. Exercitum autem nostrum duobus milibus armatorum equitum exceptis peditibus angebo.

Sententia regis Albanix.

FINIS.

Would to God we had the like apde of Kings and offer now to daunt the pride of the Romish practises.

F

The

The worthines The true Authors of this whole Booke.

Iohannes Badius Ascenciu.
Merlinus Ambrosius.
Gualterus Monemotensis.
Giraldus Cambrensis.
Iohannes Bale of Brutus.
Ieffrey of Monmouth.
Gildas Cambrius, a Poet of Britaine.
Sibilla.

Analles sue
gentes.

Two Brethren that were Martyrs, Iulius and Aron in Car-
leon, in whose names two Churches were built there.

Thelians Episcopus Landaph.

Saint Augustine could not make the Britaines be obedient
to the Archbishop of Canterburie, but yet they onely submitted
themselues to the Archbishop of Carleon, in Adelbrights tyme
that was King of Kent.

A Hill most
notable neere
Carleō a myle
fro the towne.

NOW must I touch, a matter fit to knowe,
A Fort and strength, that stands beyond this Towne:
On which you shall, behold the noblest showe,
(Loke round about, and so loke rightly downe)
That euer yet, I sawe or man may view:
Upon that Hill, there shall appeare to you,
Of seauen Shieres, a part and portion great,
Where Hill it selfe, is sure a warlike Seate.

Ten thousand men, may lodge them there vnseene,
In trebble Dykes, that gards the Fortresse well:
And yet amid, the Fort a goodly grēne,
Where that a power, and mightie Campe may dwell:

In

of Wales.

In spyte of world, if Soldiours victuall haue.
The Hill so stands, if Bird but wing doe waue,
Or man or beast, but once stirre by the head
A Bowe aboue, with Haft shall strike it dead.

The Hill commaunds, a maruels way and scope,
It seemes it stood, farre off for Townes defence,
And in the warres, it was Carleons hope:
Or els in dede, the Duke of Gloster sence
(That did destroy, both Towne and all therein)
To serue his turne, this Fortresse did begin.
Not farre from this, much like vnto the same,
Tombarlowm stands, a Mountaine of some fame.

A Towne nere this, that buylt is all a length,
Cal'd Neawport now, there is full fayre to viewe:
Which Seate doth stand, for profite more then strength,
A right strong Bridge, is there of Timber newe:
A Riuer runnes, full nere the Castle wall:
Nere Church likewise, a Mount behold you shall,
Where Sea and Land, to sight so plaine appeeres,
That there men see, a part of fūe fayre Shæres.

As byward hye, aloft to Mountaine top,
This Market towne, is buylt in healthfull sort:
So downeward loe, is many a Marchants shop,
And many sayle, to Bristowe from that Port.
Of auncient tyme, a Citie hath it bin,
And in those daies, the Castle hard to win:
Which yet shewes fayre, and is repayd a parte,
As things decayd, must nêdes be helpt by arte.

A goodly Seate, a Tower, a princely pyle,
Built as a watch, or fastie for the Soyle,
By Riuer stands, from Neawport not thrée myle.
This house was made, when many a bloodie byrle,

ff 2

A very high
Hill of a mar-
ueilous strength
which was a
strong Fort in
Arthurs daies.

Bellinus Māg-
nus made this
called Belling-
stocke.

A wonderfull
high moun-
taine with the
like maner of
defence.

The towne of
Neawport.

On a round
hill by the
Church there
is for Sea and
Land the most
princely sight
that any man
liuing at one
instant may
with perfect
eye behold.
The Towne
hath Mar-
chants in it.
A Castle is at
the end of this
Towne, and
full by the
Bridges and
Riuer.
Greenefield
Castle that
was the Duke
of Lancasters.

In

The worthines

Eboyth is the
Riuers name
that runneth
here.

In Wales God wot, destroyd that publicke state:
Here men with sword, and shield did braules debate:
Here lastie stood, for many things in deede,
That sought sauegard, and did some sucker neede.

For Riuer,
wood, pasture
ayre, walke &
pleasure, this
place passeth.

The name thereof, the nature shewes a right,
Greenefield it is, full gay and goodly sure:
A fine sweete Soyle, most pleasant vnto sight,
That for delight, and wholesome ayre so pure,
It may be praisde, a plot sought out so well,
As though a King, should say here will I dwell:
The Pastures greene, the woods, and water chere,
Sayth any Prince may buyld a Pallace here.

A true iudge-
ment of the
commodities
in Wales if the
people there
would be la-
borous.

And in this place, and many parts about,
Is grasse and Corne, and fertile ground enough:
And now a while, to speake of Wales throughout,
Where if men would, take paynes to plye the Plough:
Digge out of drosse, the treasure of the earth,
And fall to toyle, and labour from their birth:
They should as soone, to store of wealth attaine,
As other Soyles, whose people takes great paine.

Rychill

But most of Wales, likes better ease and rest,
(Loues meate and mirth, and harmelesse quiet daies)
Than for to toyle, and trouble byayne and best,
To bere the mynd, with worldly wearie waies.
Some stand content, with that which God shall send,
And on their lands, their stock and store doth spend:
And rubs out life, cleane voyde of further care,
Because in world, right well to liue they are.

Yet were they bent, to prouise and purchase still,
And search out wealth, as other Nations doe:
They haue a Soyle, a Countrey rich at will,
Which can them make, full quickly wealthie too.

They

of Wales.

They haue begun, of late to lime their land,
And plowes the ground, where sturdie Oks did stand:
Conuerts the meares, and marrish euery where,
Whose barraine earth, begins good fruite to beare.

They teare vp Trees, and takes the rootes away,
Makes stonie fieldes, smooth fertile fallowe ground:
Brings Pastures bare, to beare good grasse for Hay,
By which at length, in wealth they will abound.
Wales is this day (behold throughout the Shéeres,
In better state, than twas these hundred yéeres:
More rich, more fine, and further more to tell,
Fewe men haue knowne, the Countrey halfe so well.

Whereas at first, they sought for Corne farre off,
(To helpe the wants, of Wales when grayne was deere)
Now on the boord, they haue both Cheese and lase,
To shewe the world, in house is greater cheere.
The open Plaine, that hath his rubbish lost,
Saith plentie is, through Wales in euery coast:
The well wrought ground, that thousands may behold,
Where thornes did growe, sayth now there springs vp gold.

I meane where weedes, and thistles long hath growne,
(Wild Drosse and docks, and stinking nettles bile)
There Barley swéte, and goodly Wheate is sowne,
Which makes men rich, that liu'd in lacke long while.
No gift nor gayne, more great and good to man,
Then that which toyle, and honest labour wan:
What sweat of browes, brings in is sugred swéte,
Makes glad the mynd, and comforts hart and spréte.

The people of
wales in many
places thrives
by labour day-
lie, and gets
great gayne
through til-
lage.

I haue kno-
wen many
places so bar-
raine, that they
haue sought
for corne farre
of, who now
are able to liue
without helpe
of any other
Countrey.

F 3

Abor

The worthines

Aborgaynies Towne is walled round about, and hath fayre Suburbs also.

It stands ouer
two little Ri-
uers, called
Ceybbie and
Ceyuennie, of
which Ceyuē-
nie, Aborge-
uenie tooke
the name.

Returne I must, to my discourse before,
Of Borrow townes, and Castles as they are:
Aborgaynie, behind I kept in store,
Whose Seate and Soyle, with best may well compare.
The Towne somewhat, on steepe and mounting hill,
With Pastoz grounds, and Meddowes great at will:
On euery side, huge Mountaines hard and hye,
And some thicke woods, to please the gazers eye.

The Bridge of
stone a cleuca
fayre arches,
and a great
bridge of stone
to come drylie
to that bridge.

The Riuer Oske, along the Ale doth passe,
Right underneath, an auncient Bridge of stone:
A goodly worke, when first it reared was,
(And yet the Shiere, can shewe no such a one)
Makes men to knowe, old Buildings were not bare,
And newe things blusht, that steps not so in place,
With suretie goe, and shewe to step on stage,
To make newe worlde, to honoz former age.

Of the boun-
tie of tyme
past, and the
hardnes of our
age.

For former tyme, built Townes and Castles trim,
Made Bridges braue, and strong for tyme to come:
And our young daies, that doth in glozie swim,
Holds hard in hand, that finger fast may thome.
Loke what tyme past, made gallant fresh and fayre,
Tyme present spoyle, or will not well repayre:

A fayre and
noble Castle
belonging to
the auncient
house and race
of the hono-
rable, the Lord
of Aborgaynie

As in this Towne, a stately Castle shies,
Which loe to rypne, and wretched wracke it goes.
Most goodly Towers, are bare and naked last,
That coured were, with timber and good lead:
These Towers p... and, as streight as doth a shaft,
The walles wherē, might serue to some good stead.

For

of Wales.

For sound and thicke, and wondrous high withall,
They are in deede, and likely not to fall:
Would God therefore, the owner of the same,
Did stay them vp, for to encrease his fame.

Who doth delight, to see a goodly Plaine,
Faire Riuers runne, great woods and mountaines hye:
Let him a while, in any Tower remaine,
And he shall see, that may content the eye.
Great ruth to let, so trim a Seate goe downe,
The Countries strength, and beautie of the Towne:
A Lordly place, a princely plot and viewe,
That laughs to scozne, our patched buildings newe.

The bountie
of the Castle
and Countie.

The shell of this, I meane the walles without,
The wortheie worke, that is so finely wrought:
The Sellers deepe, and buildings round about,
The firme Freestone, that was so derely bought,
Makes men lament, the losse of such a thing,
That was of late, a house for any King.
Pea who so wayes, the worth of Castle yet,
With heauie mynd, in muse and dump shall sit.

A goodly and
stately peece of
worke as like
to fall as be re-
payred againe.

To see so strong, and stately worke decay,
The same diseale, hath Oske in Castle wall:
Which on inaine Rocke, was builded euery way,
And now Got wot, is readie downe to fall.
A number more, in Monmouth Shiere I finde,
That can not well, abyde a blast of winde:
The losse is theirs, that sees them ouerthrowne,
The gaine were ours, if yet they were our owne.

Any heart in
the world
would pittie
the decay of
Castles in Mō-
mouth shiere.

Though Castle here, through trackt of tyme is woyme,
A Church remaines, that wortheie is of note:
Where wortheie men, that hath bene nobly bozne,
Were layd in Tombe, which els had bene for got.

In this church
was a most
famous worke
in maner of a
genealogie of

And

The worthines

Kings, called
the roote of
Iesse, which
worke is de-
faced and pul-
led downe in
peeeces.

On the right
hand in a faire
Chappell.

Both the win-
dowe and in
other parts a-
bout him
shewes that he
was a stranger.

Blewe is.

The labell
whereon are
nyne Flower-
deluces.

On the left
hand a Lord
of Aborgany.

And buried cleane, in grave past mynd of man,
As thousands are, forgot since world began:
Whose race was great, and who for want of Tome,
In dust doth dwell, unknowne till day of Dome.

In Church there lyes a noble Knight,
Enclosde in wall right well:
Crosselegged as it seemes to sight,
(Or as record doth tell)
He was of high and princely blood,
His Armes doth shewe the same:
For thereby may be understood,
He was a man of fame.
A shield of blacke he beares on brest,
A white Crowe plaine thereon:
A ragged sleue in top and crest,
All wrought in goodly stone.
And vnder feete, a Greyhound lyes,
Thre golden Lyons gay,
Nine flowerdeluces there likewise,
His Armes doth full display.

A Lord that once enioyde that Seate,
Lyes there in sumptuous sort:
They say as loe his race was great,
So auncient men report.
His force was much: for he by strength
With Bull did struggle so,
He broke cleane off his hoznes at length,
And therewith let him go.
This Lord a Bull hath vnder feete,
And as it may be thought,
A Dragon vnder head doth lye,
In stone full finely wrought.
The worke and Tombe so auncient is,
(And of the oldest gypse)

Op

of Wales.

My first bare view, full well may mis,
To shewe how well he lyes.

A Tombe in déede, of charge and shewe,
Amid the Chappell stands:
Where William Thomas Knight ye knowe,
Lyes long with Cretched hands.
A Harbert was he cal'd of right,
Who from great kindred cam,
And married to a worthie wight,
Daughter to Danie Gam,
(A Knight likewise, of right and name)
This Harbert and his fêere,
Lyes there like one that purchast fame,
As plainly doth appere.
His Tombe is rich, and rare to viewe,
Well wrought of great deuice:
Though it be old, Tombes made but newe,
Are of no greater price.
His Armes thrée ramping Lyons white,
Behind his head in shield:
A crowned Lyon blacke is hers,
Set out in most rich field:
Behind her head is likewise there,
Loe what our elders did,
To make those famous euery where,
Whose vertues are not hid.

In Tombe as trim as that befoze,
Sir Richard Harbert lyes:
He was at Banbrie field of yore,
And through the battaile twise:
He past with Pollax in his hands,
A manly act in déede,
To preece among so many bands,
As you of him may reede.

Sir William
Thomas
Knight (alias)
Harbert.

Sir Danie
Gam Knight
father to this
Knights wife.

This Knight
was slaine at
Edgingcote
field.

His Tombe is
of hard and
good Allabla-
ster.

Sir William
Thomas was
father to the
next that fol-
lowes, called
Sir Richard
Harbert of
Colbroke
Knight.

In the Chro-
nicle this is re-
hearsed.

This

The worthines

On the left
hand of the
Chappell they
lye.

She was
daughter to
Thomas ap
Griffith father
to Sir Rice ap
Thomas
Knight.

On the right
hand of the
Chappell.

The old Earle
of Penbroke
one of the pri-
uie Councell.

The valiant Knight, at Colbroke dwelt,
Here Aborgaynic towne:
Who when his fatall destnie felt,
And Fortune slong him downe,
Among his enemies lost his head,
A rufull tale to tell:
Yet buryed was as I haue said,
In sumptuous Tombe full well.
His wife Dame Margret by his side,
Lyes there likewise for troth:
Their Armes as yet may be tryed,
(In honor of them both)
Stands at their heads, thre Lyons white
He giues as well he might:
Thre Rauens blacke, in shield she giues,
As Daughter to a Knight.
A sheafe of Arrowes under head,
He hath as due to him:
Thus there these worthie couple lye,
In Tombe full fine and trim.

Now in another passing Tombe,
Of beautie and of charge,
There lyes a Squire (that Harbert hight)
With cost set out at large.
Two Daughters and sixe Sonnes also,
Are there set nobly forth:
With other workes that makes the shewe,
And Monument moze worth.
Himselfe, his wife, and childzen to,
Lyes shrouded in that Seate:
Now somewhat for that Squire I do,
Because his race was great.
He was the father of that Earle,
That dyed Lord Steward late,
A man of might, of spreet most rare,

Ans

of Wales.

And bozne to happie fate.
His father layd so richly here,
So long agoe withall,
Shewes to the lookers on full cleere,
(When this to mynd they call)
This Squire was of an auncient race,
And bozne of noble blood:
Sith that he dyed in such a cace,
And left such wordly good,
To make a Tombe so rich and bzaue:
May further now to say,
The thre white Lyons that he gaue
In Armes, doth race bewzap:
And makes them blush and hold downe browe,
That babble out of square.
Rest there and to my matter now:
Upon this Tombe there are
Thre Lyons and thre white Bores heads:
The first thre are his owne.
The white Bores heads his wife she gaue,
As well in Wales is knowne.
A Lyon at his feete doth lye,
At head a Dragon greene:
More things who lists to search with eye,
On Tombe may well be seene.

Amid the Church, Lord Hastings lay,
Lord Aborgaynie than:
And since his death remou'd away,
By fine deuice of man:
And layd within a windowe right,
Full flat on stonie wall:
Where now he doth in open sight,
Remaine to people all.
The windowe is well made and wrought,
A costly worke to see:

In the win-
dowe now be
lye

The worthines

In which his noble Armes are thought,
 Of purpose there to bee.
 A ragged slæue and sire red Birds,
 Is portrayd in the Glasse:
 His wife hath there her left arme bare,
 It seemes her slæue it was
 That hangs about his necke full fine,
 Right ore a Purple weede:
 A robe of that same colour too,
 The Ladie weares in deede.
 Under his legges a Lyon red,
 His Armes are rare and ritch:
 A Harrold that could shewe them well,
 Can blase not many fitch.
 Sire Lyons white, the ground sayre blew,
 Threë Flowerdeluces gold:
 The ground of them is red of hew,
 And goodly to behold.
 But note a greater matter now,
 Upon his Tombe in stone
 Were foretēne Lords that knēes did bow,
 Unto this Lord alone.
 Of this rare worke a porch is made,
 The Barrons there remaine.
 In god old stone, and auncient trade,
 To shewe all ages plaine.
 What homage was to Hastings due,
 What honour he did win:
 What Armes he gaue, and so to blaze
 What Lord had Hastings bin.

Some say this
 great Lord
 was called
 Bruce and not
 Hastings, but
 most doe hold
 opinion he
 was called Ha-
 stings.

A Ladie of A-
 borgaynic.

Right ore against this windowe, loe
 In stone a Ladie lyes:
 And in her hands a Hart I troe,
 She holds before your eyes:
 And on her bzeast, a great sayre shield,

In

of Wales.

In which she beares no more
But thre great flowerdeluces large:
And euen loe, right oze
Her head another Ladie lyes
With Squirrell on her hand,
And at her feete, in stone likewise,
A couching Hound doth stand:
They say her Squirrell lept away,
And toward it she run:
And as from fall she sought to stay
The little pretie Bum,
Right downe from top of wall she fell,
And toke her death thereby.
Thus what I heard, I doe you tell,
And what is seene with eye.

A Ladie of
some noble
house whose
name I knowe
not.

A friend of myne who lately dyed,
That Doctor Lewis hight:
Within that Church his Tombe I spyed,
Well wrought and fayre to sight.
O Lord (quoth I) we all must dye,
No lawe, nor learnings loze:
No iudgement deepe, nor knowledge hye,
No riches lesse or more,
No office, place, nor calling great,
No worldly pompe at all,
Can keepe vs from the moztall threat
Of death, when God doth call.
Sith none of these good giftes on earth,
Haue powre to make vs liue:
And no good fortune from our birth,
No hower of breath can giue.
Thinke not on life and pleasure heere,
They passe like beames of Sunne:
For nought from hence we carrie cleere,
When man his race hath runne.

Doctor Lewis
lately Iudge in
the Amoralitie

The worthines

¶ An Introduction for *Breaknoke Shiere.*

IS bodie tyerd with trauaile, God forbid,
That wearie bones, so soone should seeke for rest:
Shall fences sleepe, when head in house is hid,
As though some charme, were crept in quiet brest,
And so bewitch, the wits with too much ease,
That duls good sprēte, and blunts quicke sharpe deuice:
Which climes the Clowdes, and wades through deepest Seas,
And goes before, and breakes the frozen Ice,
To cleere the coast, and make the passage free
For trau'lers all, that will great secrets see.

When quick concept, by slouth is rockt asleepe,
And fresh deuice, goes faynt for lacke of vse:
Along the limmes, doth lazie humours creepe,
And daylie breeds, in bodie great abuse.
If mettall fine, be not kept cleane from rust,
The brightest blade, will sure some cancker take:
And when cleere things, are staynd with drosse and dust,
They must be skour'd by skill, for profites sake.
What is nought worth, in ydle braine to rest,
Nor gold doth good, that still lyes lockt in chest.

The soft Downe bed, and Chamber warm'd with fire,
Or thicke furd gowne, is all that sluggard seekes:
But men of sprēte, whose hearts do still aspire,
Do labour long, with leane and lentten cheekes,
To trye the world, and taste both sweete and sower:
Who much doth see, may much both speake and write:
Who little knowes, hath little wit or power
To winne the wise, or dwell in worlods delight.
Feare not to toyle, for he that sowes in paine,
Shall reape with ioye, for store good Corne againe.

In

of Wales.

In reachlesse youth, whiles fancie flew with winde,
Fete could not stay, the bodie mou'd so fast:
For euery part, thereof did answer minde,
Till aged yeeres, sayd wanton daies were past.
If that be true, sound iudgement should be fraught
With grauer thoughts, and greater things of weight:
Sith sober sence, at lightnesse now hath laught,
Thy reason should, set crooked matters streight:
And newly frame, a forme of fine deuice,
That vertue may, bring knowledge most in price.

To treat of tyme, and make discourse of men,
And how the world, doth chop and chaunge estate,
Doth well become, an aunient writers pen:
If skill will serue, such secretes to debate.
If no, hold on the course thou hast begun,
To talke of Townes, and Castles as they are:
And loke thou doe, no toyle nor trauaile shun,
To set forth things, that be both straunge and rare.
If age doe dwope, and can abide no toyle,
When thou comest home, yet set out some swæte Soyle.

Though ioynts ware stiffe, and bodie heauie growes,
And backe bends downe, to earth where corps must lye:
And legges be lame, and gowte creepes in the toes,
Cold cranpe, and cough, makes groning goast to crye.
When fits are past, if any rest be found,
Plye pen againe, for that shall purchase praise:
Pea though thou canst, not ride so great a ground,
As all oze Wales, in thyne old aged daies:
Forget no place, nor Soyle where thou hast bin,
With Breaknocke Shiere, than now this booke begin.

Shewe what thyne eyes, are witnesse of for troth,
And leaue the rest, to them that after liues:

When.

The worthines

When man is cal'd, away to graue he goeth,
Death steales the life, that God and nature giues.
Thou hast no state, nor patten here on earth,
But borrowed breath, the bodie beares about:
Death daylie wayts, on life from hower of birth,
And when he lists, he blowes thy candle out.
Then leaue some worke, in world before thou passe,
That friends may say, loe here a writer was.

My Muse thus sayd, and so she shanke aside,
As though some Spirit, a space had spoke to mee:
With that I had, a friend of myne espyde,
That stood farre of, behind a Lawrell tree.
For whom I cal'd, and told him in his eare
My Muses tale: but therewithall his eyes
Bedeaw'd his cheekes, with many a bitter teare,
For sorowe great, that from his heart did rise.
Oh friend (quoth he) thy race I see so short,
Thou canst not liue, to make of Wales report.

For first behold, how age and thy mishap,
Agreed in one, to tread thee vnder foote:
Thou wast long since, slong out of Fortunes lap,
When youths gay blowmes, forsooke both braunch and roote.
And left weake age, as bare as barraine stocke,
That neither fruite, nor leaues will growe vpon:
Can feeble bones, abide the sturdie shocke.
Of Fortunes force, when youthfull strength is gone:
And if good chaunce, in youth hath fled from thee,
Be sure in age, thou canst not happie bee.

Tis hap that must, maintaine thy cost and charge,
By some such meane, as great good turnes are got:
Els walke or ride, abroad the world at large,
And yet great mynd, but makes old age to dote.

Thy

of Wales.

Thy trauaile past, shewes what may after fall,
Long iourneys breeds, diseale and sicknesse oft:
Thou hast not health, nor wished wealth at call,
That glads the heart, and makes men looke aloft.
No soyer snib, nor nothing nips so neere,
As feele much want, yet shewe a merrie chere.

My newfound friend, no sooner this had sayd,
(Which tryall knowes, both true and words of weight)
But that my mynd, from trauaile long was stayd,
Saue that I toke, in hand a iourney streight,
To Breakenoke Towne, whose Seate once thoroughly pent,
(With some such notes, as season serues therfore)
There all the rest, of tople should make an end,
Sith aged limmes, might trauaile Wales no more.
Right soye sure, I can no further go,
Content perforce, sith hap will haue it so.

Some men begin, to build a goodly Seate,
And frames a worke, of Timber bigge and large:
Yet long before, the workmanship be greate,
Another comes, and takes that plot in charge.
Men may not doe, no more then God permits,
The mynd it thinkes, great things to bring to passe
But common course, so soone oze comes the wits,
In peeces lyes, mans state like broken glasse.
We purpose much, but little power we finde,
With good successe, to answer mightie minde.

Well, that discourse, let goe as matter past,
To Breakenoke now, my pen and muse are prest:
And sith that Soyle, and towne shalbe the last,
That here I meane, to touch of all the rest,
In briefest sort, it shalbe witten out:
Yet with such words, as carries credit still,

h

Ac

The worthines

As other works, in world can bræde no dout:
So this small peere, shall shewe my great good will,
That for farewell, to worthie Wales I make,
That followes here, befoze my leaue I take.

O Happie princely Sople, my pen is farre to bace,
My muse but serves in sted of foyle, to giue a Jewell grace:
My bare inuention cold, and barraine verses vaine,
When they thy glory should vnsold, they do thy Countrie staine.
Thy worth some worthie may, set out in golden lines,
And blaze þ same, w colors gay, whose glistring beautie shines.
My boldnesse was to great, to take the charge in hand,
With wasted wits the braines to beat, to write on such a Land:
Whose people may compare, in high'st degree of praise,
With any now aliv that are, or were in elders daies.
Thy Townes and Castles fayre, so brauely stands in deede,
They should their honour much apayre, if they my verses neede.
A writers rurall rime, doth hinder thy good name:
For verse but entertaines the tyme, with topes þ fantasies frame.
With Tullies sugred tongue, or Virgils sharpe engine,
Thy rare renowne should still be rong, or sung in verse deuine.
A simple Poets pen, but blots white paper still,
And blurres the hute & praise of men, for want of cunning quill.
If Ouids still I had, or could like Homer write,
Or Dant would make my muses glad, to please þ worlds delite.
Or Chawser lent me in these daies, some of his learned tales,
As Petrarke did his Lawra praise, so would I speake of Wales.
But all to late I craue, for knowledge wit and sence:
For looke what gifts þ Gods thē gaue, they tooke thē al frō hēce,
And left vs nought but bookes, to stare and pore vpon,
On which perchaunce blind bapard lookes, whē I kil & sight is gā.
Our former age did floe, with grace and learned lore,
Then farre behind they come I troe, that strue to run befoze.
We must goe lagging on, as legges and limmes were lame,
And though long since þ gale was gon, & wit hath won þ game.

¶

of Wales.

We shall haue rourne to play, and tyme and place wthall,
To looke, to reade, to write and say, what shall in fancie fall.
But woe is me the while, that ouerweenes in want,
When world may at my boldnes smile, to see my skill so scant.
Yet write in Countries praise, that I cannot set out,
And stands discourag'd many waies, to trauaile Wales about.
Yet take now well in worth, the works I haue begun,
I can no further thing set forth, my daies are almost dūn:
As candle cleere doth burne, to socket in small tyme, (pymē.
So age to earth must needes returne, when youth hath past his

Now Breakenoke shiere, as falleth to thy lot,
In place a pēre, thou art not sure forgot:
Nor written of so much as I desire:
For sicknesse long, made bodie losse & retyre
Unto the Towne where it was borne and bred,
And where perhaps, on turffe must lye my hed.
When labors all, shall reape a graue for rest,
And silent death, shall quiet troubled brest:
Then as I now, haue somewhat sayd on thee,
So shall some friend, haue tyme to write on mee.
Whose restlessse muse, and wearie waking minde,
To pleasure world, did oft great leasure finde:
And who reioyst, and tooke a great delight,
For knowledge sake, to studie reade and write.

The Towne and Church of Breakenoke.

THE Towne is built, as in a pit it were,
By water side, all lapt about with hills:
You may behold a ruinous Castle there,
Somewhat defaste, the walles yet standeth still.
Small narrowe streates, through all the Towne ye haue,
Yet in the same, are sondrie houses braue:

Maister Gams
dwells here,

The worthines

Doctor Aw-
berie hath a
house here.

Well built without, pea trim and sayre within,
With swæte prospect, that shall your fauour win.

The Riuer Oske, and Hondie runnes thereby,
Fower Bridges good, of stone stands oze each streame:
The greatest Bridge, doth to the Colledge lye,
A free house once, where many a rotten beame
Hath bene of late, through age and trackt of tyme:
Which Bishop now, refourmes with stone and lyme.
Had it not bene, with charge repayd in haste,
That house and Seate, had surely gon to waste.

Two Churches doth, belong vnto this Towne,
One stands on hill, where once a Priorie was:
Which chaung'd the name, when Abbyes were put downe,
But now the same, for Parrish Church doth passe.
Another place, for Morning prayer is,
Made long agoe, that standeth hard by this.
Built in this Church, a Tombe of two I finde,
That worthe is, in brieft to bring to minde.

The auncient
house of
Gams.

Thre couple lyes, one oze the others head,
Along in Tombe, and all one race and lye:
And to be plaine, two couple lyes dead,
The third likewise, as destine shall adlyne,
Shall lye on top, right oze the other twaine:
Their pictures now, all readie there remaine,
In signe when God appoynts the terme and date,
All flesh and blood must yeld to mortall fate.

These are in deede, the auncient race of Gams,
A house and blood, that long rich Armes doth giue:
And now in Wales, are many of their names,
That keepe great trayne, and doth full brauely liue.
The eldest Sonne, and chieftest of that race,
Doth beare in Armes, a ramping Lyon crownd,

And

of Wales.

And thre Speare heads, and thre red Cocks in place,
A Dragons head, all greene therein is found:
And in his mouth, a red and bloodie hand,
All this and more, vpon the Tombe doth stand.

Thre fayre boyes heads, and euery one of those
A Serpent hath close lapt about his necke:
A great white Bucke, and as you may suppose,
Right ore the same, (which doth it trimly decke)
A crowne there is, that makes a goodly shoe,
A Lyon blacke, and thre Bulles heads I troe:
Thre Flowerdeluce, all fresh and white they were,
Two Swords, two Crownes, with fayre long crosse is there.

The Armes of
the Gaais.

Thre Bats, whose wings were spreaded all at large,
And thre white barres were in these Armes likewise:
Let Harrolds now, to whom belongs that charge,
Describe these things, for me this may suffice.
Yet further now, I forced am to goe,
Of severall men, some other Armes to shew.
Within that Church, there lyes beneath the Quere,
Theire persons two, whose names now shall ye heare.

In Tombe of stone, full fayre and finely wrought,
One Waters lyes, with wife fast by his side:
Of some great stocke, these couple may be thought,
As by their Armes, on Tombe may well be tride.
Full at his feete, a goodly Greyhound lyes,
And at his head there is before your eyes
Thre Libbarts heads, thre cups, two Eagles splayd,
A fayre red Crosse: and further to be sayd,

The Armes of
one Waters.

A Lyon blacke, a Serpent fiercely made,
With taylor wound vp: these Armes thus endeth so.
Crosse legg'd by him, as was the auncient trade,
Debreos lyes, in picture as I troe,

His name was
Reynold De-
breos.

The worthines

Of most hard wood: which wood as diuers say
No worme can eate, nor tyme can weare away:
A couching Hound, as Harrolds thought full méete,
In wood likewise, lyes vnderneath his feete.

Just by the same, Meredith Thomas lyes,
Who had great grace, great wit and worship both,
And world him thought, both happie blest and wise,
A man that lou'd, good Justice faith and troth.
Right oze this Tombe, of stone, to his great fame,
God store in daede of Latin verses are,
And euery verse, set forth in such good frame,
That truely doth his life and death declare.
This man was likt, for many graces good
That he possesst, besides his birth and blood.

Somewhat of some Ri- uers and Waters.

Glasfeberies
Bridge is with-
in two myle of
Porthamwel.

Maister Ro-
bert Knowles
that married
one of the
heires of the
Vaughhans
hath a fayre
house and a
Parke at Port-
hamwel.

Of other things, as farre as knowledge goes,
Now must I write, to furnish forth this booke:
Some Shieres doe part at Waters, tryall shewes
There, who so list vpon the same to looke.
Dulace doth runne, along vnto the Hay,
So Hartford shiere, from Breakenoke parteth there.
Brennick Deelyes, Thlauenny as they say
At Tawllgath méetes, so into Wye they beare:
From Arthurs Hill, Tytarell runnes apace,
And into Oske and Breakenoke runnes his race.

Here Breakenoke Towne, there is a Mountaine hye,
Which shewes so huge, it is full hard to clime:
The Mountaine seemes so monstrous to the eye,
Yet thousands doe repayre to that sometime.

And

of Wales.

And they that stand, right on the top shal see
A wonder great, as people doe report:
Which common brute, and saying true may bee,
But since in deede, I did not there resort,
I write no more, then world will witnesse well:
Let them that please, of those straunge wonders tell.

What is set downe, I haue it surely scene,
As one that toyl'd and trauayld for the troth:
I will not say, such things are as I weene,
And frame a verse, as common voyces goeth,
Nor yet to please the humors of some men,
I list not stretch, nor racke my termes awpy:
My muse will not so farre abuse the pen,
That writer shall gayne any blot thereby:
So he haue thanke in vsing ydle quill,
He seekes no more for paines and great god will.

¶ Ludloe Towne, Church and Castle.

THE Towne doth stand most part vpon an Hill,
Built well and fayre, with streates both large and wide:
The houses such, where straungers lodge at will,
As long as there the Councell lists abide,
Both fine and cleane the streates are all throughout,
With Conditis cleere, and wholesome water springs:
And who that lists to walke the Towne about,
Shall finde therein some rare and pleasant things:
But chiefly there the ayre so swete you haue,
As in no place ye can no better craue.

The Market house, where Coyne and Cates are sold,
Is couered oze, and kept in finest sort:

The names of
streates there:
Castle streate.
Broad streate.
Old streate.
And the Mill
streate.
A fayre house
by the gate of
the making of
Iustice Walter.

From

The worthines

Nere this is a
fayre house of
Maister Sack-
fords which
he, did buyld,
and a fayre
houſe that
Maſter Secre-
tarie Foxe did
beſtowe great
charges on, &
a houſe that
Maſter Berrie
dwelles in.
M. Townes-
end hath a
fayre houſe at
Saint Austins
once a Frierie.
The Lord Pre-
ſident Sir Har-
rie Sidneys
Daughter, cal-
led Ambroſia,
is entombed
here in moſt
braueſt maner
and great
chargeable
workmanſhip
on the right
hand of the
Altar.
On the ſame
is my Lord of
Warwicks
Armes excel-
lently wrought,
and my Lord
Preſidents
Armes and o-
thers, are in
like ſort there
richly ſet out.

From which ye ſhall, the Caſtle well behold,
And to which walke, doe many men reſort.
On euery ſide thereof fayre houſes are,
That makes a ſhewe, to pleaſe both mynd and eye:
The Church nere that, where monuments full rare
There is, (wherein doth ſondrie people lye)
My pen ſhall touch, becauſe the notes I finde
Therein, deſerue to be well bozne in minde.

Within the Quere, there is a Ladie layd
In Tombe moſt rich, the top of fayre Touchſtone:
There was beſtow'd in honour of this mayd,
Great coſt and charge, the trueth may well be knowne.
For as the Tombe, is built in ſumptuous guiſe,
So to the ſame, a cloſet fayre is wrought,
Where Lords may ſit in ſtately ſolemne wiſe,
As though it were a fine deuice of thought,
To beautifie both Tombe and euery part
Of that fayre worke, that there is made by arte.

Againſt that Tombe, full on the other ſide,
A Knight doth lye, that Juſtice Towneſend hight:
His wiſe likewiſe, ſo ſoone as that ſhe dyed,
In this rich Tombe, was buryed by this Knight:
And trueth to tell, Dame Alice was her name,
An Heire in deede, that brought both wealth and land,
And as worlde ſayth, a wortheie vertuous Dame,
Whole auncient Armes, in colours there doth ſtand:
And many more, whole Armes I doe not knowe,
Unto this Knight, are ioyned all a roe.

Amid the Church, a Chantrie Chappell ſtands,
Where Hozier lyes, a man that did much good:
Beſtow'd great wealth, and gaue thereto ſome lands,
And helpt poore ſoules that in neceſſitie ſtood.

of Wales.

As many men, are bent to win good will
By some good turne, that they may freely shoue:
So Hoziers hands, and head were working still:
For those he did, in det or daunger knowe.
He simpld to see, a begger at his doore:
For all his ioye, was to relæue the poore.

Another man, whose name was Cookes for troth,
Like Hozier was, in all good gifts of grace:
This Cookes did giue, great lands and liuings both,
For to maintaine, a Chauntrie in that place.
A pœerely dole, and monthly almes likewise
He ordaynd there, which now the poore doe mis:
His wife and he, within that Chappell lyes,
Where yet full plaine, the Chauntrie standing is:
Some other things, of note there may you see
Within that Church, not touched now by mee.

Yet Beawpy must, be nam'd good reason why,
For he bestow'd, great charge before he dyde,
To helpe poore men, and now his bones doth lye
Full nere the Font, vpon the foremost side.
Thus in those daies, the poore was lookt unto,
The rich was glad, to sling great wealth away:
So that their almes, the poore some good might do.
In poore mens boze, who doth his treasure lay,
Shall finde againe, ten fold for one he leaues:
Or els my hope, and knowledge me deceiues.

THE Castle now, I mynd here to set out,
It stands right well, and pleasant to the vewe,
With sweete prospect, yea all the field about.
An auncient Seate, yet many buildings newe
Lord President made, to giue it greater fame:
But if I must, discourse of things as true,

Sir Robert
Townes-end
Knight lyes
in a maruclos
sayre Tombe
in the Queere
here, and his
wife by him,
at his feete is a
red Rowbuck,
and a word
tout en dien.
On the left
hand Hozier
lyes in the boy
die of the
Church.
On the righe
hand Cookes
lyes.
This man was
my mothers
father.
Beawpy was a
great rich and
vertuous man.
he made ano-
ther Chauntrie.

The Castle of
Ludloc.

Sir Harry Sid-
ney built ma-
ny things here
worthie praise
and memorie.

I

There

The worthines

There are great workes, that now doth beare no name,
Which were of old, and yet may pleasure you
To see the same: for loe in elders daies
Was much bestow'd, that now is much to praise.

Over a Chim-
ney excellently
wrought in
the best cham-
ber, is S. An-
drowes Crosse
ioyned to
Prince Arthurs
Armes in the
hall windowe.

Prince Arthurs Armes, is there well wrought in stone,
(A wortheie worke, that fewe or none may mend)
This worke not such, that it may passe alone:
For as the tyme, did alwaies people send
To worlde, that might exceede in wit and spræte:
So sondrie sorts of workes are in that Seate,
That for so hye a stately place is meete:
Which shewes this day, the workmanship is greate.
Looke on my Lords, and speak your fancies throw,
And you will praise, fayre Ludloe Castle now.

In it besides, (the workes are here vnnam'd)
A Chappell is, most trim and costly sure,
So brauely wrought, so fayre and finely fram'd,
That to worlde's end, the beautie may endure.
About the same, are Armes in colours sitch,
As fewe can shewe, in any Soyle or place:
A great deuice, a worke most rare and ritch:
Which truely shewes, the Armes, the blood and race
Of sondrie Kings, but chiefly Noble men,
That here in prose, I will set out with pen.

All that fol-
lowes are
Armes of
Princes and
Noblemen.

Sir Walter Lacie was first owner of Ludloe Castle, whose
Armes are there, and so followes the rest by order as you may
reade,

Jeffrey Genyuile, did match with Lacie.

Roger Mortymer the first Earle of March an Earle of a
great house matcht with Genyuile.

Leonell

of Wales.

Leonell Duke of Clarence ioynded with Ulster in Armes.

Edmond Earle of March matched with Clarence.

Richard Earle of Cambridge matcht with the Earle of March.

Richard Duke of Yorke matcht with Westmerland.

Edward the fourth matcht with Moduile of Riuers.

Henry the seuenth matcht with Elizabeth right heire of England.

Henry the eight matcht with the Marquese of Penbroke.

These are the greatest first to be named that are there set out worthely as they were of dignitie and birth.

Now followes the rest of those that were Lord Presidents,
and others whose Armes are in the same Chappell.

William Smith Bishop of Lincolne was the first Lord President of Wales in Prince Arthurs daies.

Jeffrey Blythe Bishoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Rowland Lee Bishoppe of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

Ihon Aessie Bishop of Exeter Lord President.

Richard Sampson Bishop of Couentrie and Litchfield Lord President.

The worthines

John Dudoley Earle of Marwick (after Duke of Northumberland) Lord President.

Sir William Herbert (after Earle of Penbroke) Lord President.

Nicholas Heath Bishop of Worcester Lord President.

Sir William Herbert once againe Lord President.

Gilbert Browne Bishop of Bath and Wells Lord President.

Lord Williams of Tame Lord President.

Sir Harry Sidney Lord President.

Sir Andrew Corbret Knight, Vicepresident.

There are two blanks left without Armes.

Sir Thomas Dynam Knight, is mentioned there to doe some great good act.

John Scory Bishop of Hartford.

Nicholas Bullingham, Bishop of Worcester.

Nicholas Robinson, Bishop of Bangore.

Richard Dauies, Bishop of Saint Dauies.

Thomas Dauies, Bishop of Saint Asaph.

Sir James Crofts Knight, Controller.

Sir

of Wales.

Sir John Throgmorton Knight, Justice of Chester and the three Shieres of Eastwales.

Sir Hugh Cholmley Knight.

Sir Nicholas Arnold Knight.

Sir George Bromley Knight, and Justice of the three Shieres in Wales.

William Gerrard, Lord Chauncellor of Ireland, and Justice of the three Shieres in Southwales.

Charles Fore Esquier and Secreterie.

Ellice Price Doctor of the Lawe.

Edward Leighton Esquier.

Richard Seborne Esquier.

Richard Pates Esquier.

Rafe Barton Esquier.

George Whetyplace Esquier.

William Leighton Esquier.

Hyles Sands Esquier.

The Armes of al these afore spoken of are gallantly and cunningly set out in the Chappell.

Now is to be rehearsed, that Sir Harry Sidney being Lord President, buylt twelue rounes in the sayd Castle, which goodly buildings both shewe a great beautie to the same.

The great water called Teā, comes 17. mile frō a place called the Whitehall neere unto Begyldie in the County of

De Radnor.

The worthines

The Forrest of
Brenwood is
west from the
towne.

The Chace of
Mocktrie and
Ockley Parkes
stands not farre
from thence.


He made also a goodly Wardrope underneath the new Par-
lor, and repayred an old Tower, called Noptymers Tower, to
keepe the auncient Records in the same: and he repayred a fayre
roune vnder the Court house, to the same entent and purpose,
and made a great wall about the woodyard, & built a most braue
Condit within the inner Court: and all the newe buildings ouer
the Gate Sir Harry Sidney (in his daies and gouernement
there) made and set out to the honour of the Quene, and glorie
of the Castle.

There are in a goodly or stately place set out my Lord Earle
of Warwicks Armes, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Gloz-
cester, the Earle of Denbroke, and Sir Harry Sidneys Armes
in like maner: al these stand on the left hand of the Chamber. On
the other side are the Armes of Northwales and Southwales,
two red Lyons and two golden Lyons, Prince Arthurs.

A deuice of
the Lord Pre-
sidents.

At the end of the dyning Chamber, there is a pretie deuice
how the Hedgehog brake the chayne, and came from Ireland to
Ludloe.

There is in the Hall a great grate of Iron of a huge height:
so much is witten only of the Castle.

 The Towne of Ludloe, and many
good gifts graunted to the same.

He gaue great
possessions,
large liberties,
and did incor-
porate them
with many
goodly free-
domes.

King Edward fourth, for seruice truely done,
When Henry sixt, and he had mortall warre:
No sooner he, by force the victorie wone,
But with great things, the Towne he did prefarre.
Gaue lands thereto, and libertie full large,
Which royall gifts, his bountie did declare,
And dayly doth, mainteyne the Townes great charge:
Whose people now, in as great freedome are,

As

of Wales.

As any men, vnder this rule and Crowne,
That liues and dwels, in Citie or in Towne.

Two Baylieses rules, one yere the Towne throughout,
Twelue Aldermen, they haue there in likewise:
Who doth beare sway, as turne doth come about,
Who chosen are, by oth and auncient guise.
Good lawes they haue, and open place to pleade,
In ample sort, for right and Iustice sake:
A Preacher too, that dayly there doth reade,
A Scholemaster, that doth good schollers make.
And for the Queere, are boyes brought vp to sing,
And so serue God, and doe none other thing.

Threë tymes a day, in Church good Saruice is,
At sixe a clocke, at nine, and then at threë:
In which due howers, a straunger shall not mis,
But sondrie sorts, of people there to see.
And thirtie threë, poore persons they maintaine,
Who weëkely haue, both money, almes and ayde:
Their lodging free, and further to be plaine,
Still once a weeke, the poore are truely payde:
Which shewes great grace, and goodnesse in that Seate,
Where rich doth see, the poore shall want no meate.

An Hospitall, there hath bene long of old,
And many things, pertayning to the same:
A goodly Guyld, the Township did vphold,
By Edwards gift, a King of worthe fame.
This Towne doth chouse, two Burgessees alwaies
For Parliament, the custome still is so:
Two Fayres a yere, they haue on seuerall daies,
Threë Markets kept, but monday chiefe I troe:
And two great Parkes, there are full nere the Towne,
But those of right, pertaine vnto the Crowne.

That Towne
hath bin well
gouerned a
lōg while with
two Baylieses,
twelue Alder-
men, and fīue
and thirtie
Commoners,
a Recorder &c
a Townclarke
assistant to the
sayd Baylieses
by iudiciall
course of lawe
weekly, in as
large and am-
ple maner for
their triall be-
tweene partie
and partie, as
any Cittie or
Borrowe of
England hath.

The poore
haue sweete
lodgings each
one a part to
himselſe.
An Hospitall
called S. Iones.
A Guyld that
King Edward
(by Letters
Pattents) gaue
to the Baylieses
and Burgessees
of the townē.
The Aldermē
are Iustices of
the Peace for
the time being

These

The worthines

These things rehearst, makes Ludloe honord mitch,
And world to thinke, it is an auncient Seate:
Where many men, both worthie wise and rich
Were borne and bred, and came to credit great.
Our auncient Kings, and Princes there did rest,
Where now full oft, the President dwels a space:
It stands for Wales, most apt, most fit and best,
And nearest to, at hand of any place:
Wherefore I thought, it good before I end,
Within this booke, this matter should be pend.

The rest of Townes, that in Shropshire you haue,
I neede not touch, they are so thoroughly knowne:
And further more, I knowe they cannot craue
To be of Wales, how euer byrte be blowne.
So wishing well, as duetie doth me binde,
To one and all, as farre as power may goe,
I knit by here, as one that doth not minde
Of native Soyle, no further now to shewe.
So cease my mule, let pen and paper pause,
Till thou art calde, to write of other cause.

An Introduction to re- member Shropshire.

How hath thy muse so long bene ludo a sleepe?
What deadly drinke, hath sence in slumber brought?
Doth popson cold, through blood and bosome creepe?
Or is of spite, some charme by witchcraft wrought,
That vitall sprætes, hath lost their feeling quite?
Or is the hand, so weake it cannot write?
Come ydle man, and shewe some honest cause,
Why writers pen, makes now so great a pause.

A device of
the Author
called Reasous
threatning.

Can

of VVales.

Full from Welsbridge, along by meddowes greene,
The Riuer runs, most fayre and fine to beue:
Such fruitfull ground, as this is seldome seene
In many parts, if that I heare be true.
Yet each man knowes, that grasse is in his pride,
And ayre is fresh, by euery Riuer's side:
But sure this plot, doth farre surpasse the rest,
That by good lot, is not with graces blest.

Who hath desire, to beue both hill and vale,
Walke by old wall, of Castle rude and bare,
And he shall see, such pleasure set to sale,
In kindly sort, as though some Marchants ware
Were set in shop, to please the passer by:
Or els by shewe, beguyl'd the gazers eye:
For looke but downe, along the pleasant coast,
And he shall thinke, his labour is not lost.

One way appeares, Stonebridge and Subbarbs there,
Which called is, the Abbey Forehed yet:
A long great streete, well builded large and faire,
In as good ayre, as may be wisht with wit:
Where Abbey stands, and is such ring of Belles,
As is not found, from London vnto Welles:
The Steeple yet, a gracious pardon findes,
To hide all blasts, all wethers stormes and windes.

Another way, full ore Welsbridge there is,
An auncient streete, cal'd Franckwell many a day:
To Ozeltri, the people passe through this,
And vnto Wales, it is the reddie way.
In Subbarbs to, is Castle Forehed both,
A streete well pau'd, two seuerall waies that goeth:
All this without, and all the Towne within,
When Castle stood, to beue hath subiect bin.

There is a
bridge called
Welsbridge,
which shewes
Shrewseburie
to be of Wales

The Castle
though old
and ruynate
stands most
braue and gal-
lantly.

Maister Prince
his house stāds
so trim and
finely, that it
graceth all the
Soyle it is in.

Here is the
way to Meluer-
ley, to Wattels
Borrow where
Ma. Leighton
dwelles, to
Cawx Castle
Lord Staf-
fords, and to
Maister Wil-
liams house.

The worthines

Aldermen in
Scarlet orderly
in Shrewsebu-
rie, and two
Baylieses as
richly set-out
as any Mayor
of some great
Cities.

But now doth hold, their freedom of the Prince,
And as is found, in Records true vnfaund,
This trim shiere towne, was buylt a great while since:
Whose priuiledge, by loyaltie was gaynd.
Two Baylieses there, doth rule as course doth fall,
In state like Maior, and orders good withall:
Each officer due, that fits for stately place,
Each yere they haue, to yeld the rounge more grace.

Great & costly
banquetting
in Christmas
and at all Sel-
fions & Sizes.

On sollemne daies, in Scarlet gownes they goe,
Good house they keepe, as cause doth serue therfore:
But Christmas feasts, compares with all I knowe
Saue London sure, whose state is farre much more.
That Cities charge, makes straungers blush to see,
So princely still, it is in each degree:
But though it beare, a Torch beyond the best,
This Lanterne light, may shine among the rest.

A matter of
trafficke to be
noted and co-
sidered of.

London com-
pared to the
flowing Sea.

This Towne with more, fit members for the head,
Makes London rich, yet reapes great gayne from thence:
It giues good gold, for Clothes and markes of lead,
And for Welsh ware, erchaungeth English pence.
A fountaine head, that many Conditis serue,
Keepes moyst dye Springs, and doth it selfe preserue:
The flowing Sea, to which all Riuers run,
May spare some shewres, to quench the heate of Sun.

The great
must main-
taine the smal.

So London must, like mother to the Realme,
To all her babes, giue milke, giue sucke and pay:
Small Byokes swelles vp, by force of mightie streame,
As little things, from greatest gaynes good hap.
If Shrewsebrie thriue, and last in this good lucke,
It is not like, to lacke of worldly mucke:
The trade is great, the Towne and Seate stands well,
Great health they haue, in such sweete Soyles that dwell.

Thus

of Wales.

Thus farre I goe, to proue this Wales in dæde,
Or els at least, the martches of the same:
But further speake, of Shiere it is no næde,
Saue Ludloe now, a Towne of noble fame:
A goodly Seate, where oft the Councell lyes,
Where Monuments, are found in auncient gypse:
Where Kings and Quænes, in pompe did long abyde,
And where God pleasse, that good Prince Arthur dyde.

Ludloe is set
out after.

This Towne doth front, on Wales as right as lyne,
So sondrie Townes, in Shrophshire doe for troth:
As Ozestry, a pretie Towne full fine,
Which may be lou'd, be likte and prayesed both.
It stands so trim, and is maintaynd so cleane,
And pæpled is, with folke that well doe meane:
That it deserues, to be enrould and thynd
In each good bzeast, and euery manly mynd.

Ozestry and
Bishops Ca-
stle doth front
in Wales.

The Market there, so farre excēdes withall,
As no one Towne, comes nēere it in some sort:
For looke what may, be wisht or had at call,
It is there found, as market men report.
For Poultrie, Foule, of euery kind somewhat,
No place can shewe, so much more cheape then that:
All kind of Cates, that Countrie can afford,
For money there, is bought with one bare word.

Of a notable
market a mer-
uelous matter.

They hacke not long, about the thing they sell,
For price is knowne, of each thing that is brought:
Poore folke God wot, in Towne no longer dwell,
Then money had, perhaps a thing of nought:
So trudge they home, both barelegge and unshod,
With song in Welch, or els in prayling God:
O swæte content, O merrie mynd and mood,
With sweat of browes, thou lou'st to get thy food.

Poore folkes
makes fewe
words in bar-
gayning.



The worthines

The blessed-
nesse of plaine
people.

O plaine good folke, that haue no craftie byaines,
O Conscience cleere, thou knowst no cunning knacks:
O harmlesse hearts, where feare of God remaines,
O simple Soules, as sweete as Virgin ware.
O happie heads, and labouring bodie blest,
O sillie Doves, of holy Abrahams best:
You sleepe in peace, and rise in ioye and blisse,
For Heauen hence, for you prepared is.

A rare report
yet truely gi-
uen of Wales.

Where shall we finde, such dealing now adaies:
Where is such chere, so cheape and chaunge of fare:
Ride North and South, and search all beaten waies,
From Barwick hounds, to Venice if you dare,
And finde the like, that I in Wales haue found,
And I shall be, your slaue and bondman bound.
If Wales be thus, as tryall well shall proue,
Take Wales goodwill, and giue them neighbours loue.

You must
reade further
before you
finde Ludloe
described.

To Ludloe now, my muse must needes returne,
A season short, no long discourse doth craue:
Tyme rouleth on, I doe but daylight burne,
And many things, in deede to doe I haue.
Loke what great Towne, doth front on Wales this hower,
I minde to touch, God sparing life and power:
Not hyperd thereto, but halde by harts desire
To giue them praise, whose deedes doe fame require.
Verte folium.

The Authors
forgetfulnesse
excused.

Of Shrewsbury Churches and the Monuments
therein, with a Bridge of stone two bowshot long, and
a streete called Colam, being in the Subbarbs,
and a fayre Bridge there in like maner: all
this was forgotten in the first copie.

I Had such haste, in hope to be but brieft,
That Monuments, in Churches were forgot:

And

of Wales.

And somewhat more, behind the walles as chiefe,
Where Playes haue bin, which is most worthe note.
There is a ground, newe made Theatour wise,
Both deepe and hie, in godly auncient guise:
Where well may sit, ten thousand men at ease,
And yet the one, the other not displease.

A pleasant
and artificiall
peece of ground

A space belowe, to bayt both Bull and Beare,
For Players too, great rounge and place at will.
And in the same, a Cocke pit wondrous feare,
Besides where men, may wastle in their fill.
A ground most apt, and they that sits about,
At once in bewe, all this may see for loue:
At Astons Play, who had beheld this then,
Might well haue seene, there twentie thousand men.

Maister Astor
was a good
and godly
Preacher.

Fayre Seuarne streame, runs round about this ground,
Haue that one side, is close with Shrewsburie wall:
And Seuarne bankes, whose beautie doth abound,
In that same Soyle, behold at will ye shall.
Who comes to marke, and note what may be seene,
Shall surely see, great pleasures on this greene:
Who walkes the bankes, and thinkes his payne not greate,
Shall say the Towne, is sure a princely Seate.

A Friery house
stood by this
ground called
the Welsh
Fryers.
In Shrewsbu-
rie were three
Fryer houses.

Without the walles, as Subbarbs buylded bee,
So doe they stand, as armes and legges to Towne:
Each one a streate, doth answer in degree,
And by some part, comes Seuarne running downe:
As though that streame, had mynd to garde them all,
And as through bridge, this flood doth dayly fall,
So of Freestone, three Bridges bigge there are,
All stately built, a thing full straunge and rare.

Then iudge by this, and other things a heape,
They had deepe skill, that first the founders were:

L

God

The worthines

Good right they should, the fruite of labour reape,
Whose wit and wealth, did all the charges beare.
O fathers wise, and wits beyond the nicke,
That had the head, the spicetes and sence so quicke:
O golden age, that car'd not what was spent,
So leaden daies, did stand therewith content.

Gold were those pæres, that sparde such siluer pence,
And brazen world, was that which hoarded all:
The leaden daies, that we haue sauerd since,
Bytes to the bones, and tasteth worse then gall.
What newe things now, with franknesse well begun,
Can staine those deedes, our fathers old haue done:
Great Townes they buylt, great Churches reard likewise,
Which makes our fame, to fall and theirs to rise.

Looke on the works, and wits of former age,
And our tyme shall, come dragging farre behind:
If both tymes might, be plainly playd on stage,
And old tyme past, be truely calde to mind,
For all our braue, fine glorious buyldings gay,
Tyme past would run, with all the fame away.
Aske Oxford that, and Cambridge if it please,
In this one poynt, shall you resolve at ease.

A brieft dis-
course of aun-
cient tyme.

In auncient tyme, our elders had desire,
To buyld their Townes, on steepe and stately hill:
To shewe that as, their hearts did still aspyre,
So should their works, declare their wortheie will.
And for that then, the world was full of strife,
And fewe men stood, assur'd of land or life:
Such quarrels rose, about great rule and state,
That no one Soyle, was free from foule debate.

The occasion
of buylding
strong Holds.

For which sharpe cause, that dayly bred discord,
They made strong Holds, and Castles of defence:

And

of Wales.

And such as weare, the Kings the Prince and Loz
Of any place, would spare for no expence,
To see that safe, that they had hardly won:
For which sure poynt, were Forts and Townes begun:
And further loe, if people wared wylde,
They brought in feare, by this both man and child.

And if men may iudge who had most ado,
Or gesse by Forts, and Holds what Land was best:
Or looke vpon, our common quarrels to:
Or search what made, men seeke for peace and rest,
Behold but Wales, and note the Castles there,
And you shall finde, no such works any where:
So old so strong, so costly and so hye,
Not vnder Sunne, is to be seene with eye.

Wales hath a
wonderfull
number of
Castles.

And to be plaine, so many Holds they haue,
As sure it is, a world to marke them well:
Pause there a while, my muse must pardon craue,
Pen may not long, vpon such matter dwell.
Now Denbigh comes, to be set forth in verse,
Which shall both Towne, and Castle here rehearse:
So that the verse, such credit may attayne,
As wyter shall, not lose no pæce of payne.

A description
of Denbigh-
shire.

An Introduction to bring in Denbighshire.

Hath slouth and sleepe, bewicht my senses so,
That head cannot, awake the ydle hand:
Is frendly muse, become so great a foe,
That labring pen, in penno? still shall stand.
What trifeling toye, doth trouble wyters brayne,
That earnest loue, forgets swæte Poets bayne:

L 2

Bid

A conceyted
toy to set a
broach an ear-
nest matter.

The worthines

Bid welcome mitch, and sad conceptes adue,
 And fall againe, to wryte some matter newe.

Let old deuice, a Lanterne be to this,
 To giue skill light, and make sound iudgement see:
 Since gazing eyes, hath seene what each thing is,
 And that no Towne, nor Soyle is hid from thee:
 Set forth in verse, as well this Countrey here,
 As thou at large, hast set out Monmouthshiere:
 Praise one alone, the rest will thee disbaine,
 A day may come, at length to quite thy paine.

Being Muster-
 maister of
 Kent more
 chargeable
 then well cōsi-
 dered of there.

Though former toyles, be lost in Sommer last,
 Dispayre not now, for Wales is thankfull still:
 Thou hast gon farre, the greatest byunt is past,
 Then forward passe, and plucke not backe goodwill,
 Put hand to Plough, like man goe through with all,
 Thy ground is good, run on thou canst not fall:
 When seede is sowne, and tyme bestowes some paine,
 Thou shalt be knowne, a reaper of god graine.

Hold on thy course, and trauaile Wales all oze,
 And whet thy wits, to marke and note it well:
 And thou shalt see, thou neuer saw'st before,
 Right goodly things, in dedde that both excell:
 More auncient Townes, more famous Castles old,
 Then well farre of, with ease thou mayst behold:
 With Denbighshiere, thy second worke begin,
 And thou shalt see, what glozie thou shalt win.

Chirke Castle
 a goodly and
 princely house
 yet.

So I tooke horse, and mounted by in haste,
 From Monmouthshiere, a long the coasts I ryde:
 When frost and snowe, and wayward winters waste,
 Did beate from tree, both leaues and Sommers pryde.
 I entred first, at Chirke, right oze a Broke,
 Where staying still, on Countrey well to loke.

of Wales.

A Castle fayre, appéerde to sight of eye,
Whose walles were great, and towers boty large and hye.

Full vnderneath, the same doth Keerpoock run,
A raging Brooke, when rayne oz snowe is greater:
It was some Prince, that first this house begun,
It shewes farre of, to be so braue a Seate.
On side of hill, it stands most trim to bewe,
An old strong place, a Castle nothing newe,
A goodly thing, a princely Pallace yet,
If all within, were thzoughly furnisht fit.

Keerpoock a
wondrous vio-
lent water.

Maister Iohn
Edwards hath
a fayre house
here this.

Beyond the same, there is a Bridge of stone,
That stands on Dee, a Riuer deepe and swift:
It seemes as it, would riuie the Rocks alone,
Oz vndermyne, with foze the craggie Clift.
To Chester runs, this Riuer all along,
With gushing streame, and rozing water strong:
On both the sides, are bankes and hilles good flore,
And mightie stones, that makes the Riuer roze.

Newe Bridge
on the Riuer
Dee.

It flowes with winde, although no rayne there be,
And swelles like Sea, with waues and foming floods:
A wonder sure, to see this Riuer Dee,
With winde alone, to waxe so wyld and wood,
Make such a sturre, as water would be mad,
And shewe such life, as though some spræte it had.
A cause there is, a nature for the same,
To bying this flood, in such straunge case and frame.

A straüge na-
ture of a water

There is a
poole in Me-
ryonethshiere
of three myle
long rageth so
by storme that
it makes this
Riuer flowe.

Not farre from this, there stands on litle mount,
A right fayre Church, with pillars large and wide:
A monument, therein of good account,
Full finely wrought, amid the Quære I spyde,
A Combe there is, right rich and stately made,
Where two doth lye, in stone and auncient trade.

Ruabon
Church is a
fayre peece of
worke.

The worthines

The man and wife, with sumptuous sollemne gypse,
In this rich sort, before the Altar lyes.

This Gentle-
man was cal-
led Iohn Bel-
lis Eytton.

His head on cress, and warlike Helmet stayes,
A Lyon blew, on top thereof comes out:
On Lyons necke, along his legges he laves,
Two Gauntlets white, are lying there about.
An auncient Squire, he was and of good race,
As by his Armes, appeeres in many a place:
His house and lands, not farre from thence doth shoe,
His birth and blood, was great right long agoe.

The trimmest glasse, that may in windowe bee,
(Wherein the roote, of Jesse well is wrought)
At Altar head, of Church now shall you see,
Pea all the glasse, of Church was deerebought.

Offas Dyke.

Within two myles, there is a famous thing,
Cal'de Offas Dyke, that reacheth farre in length:
All kind of ware, the Danes might thether bring,
It was free ground, and cal'de the Britaines strength.
Wats Dyke.

Wats Dyke likewise, about the same was set,
Betweene which two, both Danes and Britaines met,
And trafficke still, but passing bounds by sleight,
The one did take, the other prisner streight.

Thus foes could meete, (as many tymes they may)
And doe no harme, when profite ment they both:
Good rule and lawe, makes baddest things to stay,
That els by rage, to wretched reuell goeth.
The brutest beasts, that sauage are of kynd,
Together comes, as season is assynde:
The angriest men, that can no friendship byde,
Must ceace from warre, when peace appalles their pride.

Now

of Wales.

Now let this goe, and call in haste to minde,
Trim Wricklam Towne, a pearle of Denbighshiere:
In whose fayre Church, a Tombe of stone I finde,
Under a wall, right hand on side of Quære.
On th'other side, one Pilson lyes in graue,
Whose hearle of blacke, sayth he a Tombe shall haue:
In Quære lyes Hope, by Armes of gentle race,
Of function once, a rector in that place.

Robert Ho-
well lyes there
a Gentleman.

But speake of Church, and steeple as I ought,
By pen to base, so fayre a worke to touch:
Within and out, they are so finely wrought,
I cannot praise, the workmanship too much.
But buylt of late, not eight score yeres agoe,
Not of long tyme, the date thereof doth shoue:
No common worke, but sure a worke most fine,
As though they had, bin wrought by power deuine.

The steeple there, in forme is full foure square,
Yet euery way, fine pinnackles appere:
Trim Pictures fayre, in stone on outside are,
Made all like ware, as stone were nothing deere.
The height so great, the breadth so bigge withall,
No yeece thereof, is likely long to fall,
A worke that stands, to stayne a number moze,
In any age, that hath bin buylt before.

A generall Commenda- tion of Gentilitie.

Nere Wricklam dwels, of Gentlemen good store,
Of calling such, as are right well to liue:
By Market towne, I haue not seene no moze,
(In such small rounge) that auncient Armes doe giue.

They

The worthines

In Maylor, are all these Gen- tlemen. Maister Roger Pilsons house at Itchlay.	They are the ioye, and gladnesse of the poore, That daily feedes, the hungrie at their doore: In any Soyle, where Gentlemen are found, Some house is kept, and bountie doth abound.
Maister Alm- mer at Pant- yokin. Maister Iohn Pilson of Ber- fan. Maister Ed- ward Iones of Cadoogan. Maister James Eaton of Eat- ton.	They beautifie, both Towne and Countrey too, And furnisht are, to serue at neede in feeld: And euery thing, in rule and order do, And vnto God, and man due honour peeld. They are the strength, and suretie of the Land, In whose true hearts, doth trust and credit stand, By whose wise heads, the neighbours ruled are, In whom the Prince, reposerh greatest care.
Maister Ed- ward Eaton by Ruabon. Maister Owen Bructon of Borras. Maister Iohn Pilson of Ha- berdewerne. Maister Tho- mas Powell of Horsley. Maister Iohn Treuvar of Treuolin. A generall praise of all Gentlemen in- habiting of a- ny Countrey.	They are the flowers, of euery garden ground, For where they want, there growes but wicked weedes: Their tree and fruite, in rotten world is sownd, Their noble mynds, will bring forth faithfull deedes: Their glorie rests, in Countries wealth and fame, They haue respect, to blood and auncient name: They weigh nothing, so much as loyall hart, Which is most pure, and cleane in euery part. They doe uphold, all ciuill maners myld, All manly acts, all wise and worthy waies: If they were not, the Countrey would grow wyld, And we should soone, forget our elders daies: Ware blunt of wit, in speech growe rude and rough, Want vertue still, and haue of vice enough. Shewe feeble spryte, lacke courage euery where, Dout many a thing, and our owne shadowes feare.

They dare attempt, for fame and hye renowne,
To scale the Clowdes, if men might clyme the ayre:
Assault the Starres, and plucke the Planets downe,
Giue charge on Moone, and Sunne that shines so fayre.

of Wales.

I meane they dare, attempt the greatest things,
Flye swiftly ore, high Hilles if they had wings:
Seate backe the Seas, and teare the Mountaines tow,
Dea what dare not, a man of courage doo.

Now must I turne, to my discourse agayne,
I Wricksam leaue, and pen out further place:
So if my muse, were now in pleasant bayne,
Holt Castle should, from verse receiue some grace:
The Seate is fine, and trimly buylt about,
With lodgings fayre, and goodly rounes throughout,
Strong Vaultes and Caves, and many an old deuice,
That in our daies, are held of worthie price.

That place must passe, with praise and so adue,
My muse is bent, (and pen is readie prest)
To feede your eares, with other matters newe,
That yet remaines, in head and labouring brest.
A Mountaine towne, that is Thlangothlan calde,
A pretie Seate, but not well buylt nor walde,
Stands in the way, to Yale and Writchen both,
Where are great Hilles, and Plaines but fewe for troth.

Of Mountaines now, in deede my muse must runne,
The Poets there, did dwell as fables sayne:
Because some say, they would be neere the Sunne,
And taste sometymes, the frost, the cold, and rayne,
To iudge of both, which is the chiefe and best.
Who knowes no toyle, can neuer skill of rest,
Who alwaies walkes, on carpet soft and gay,
Knowes not hard Hilles, nor likes the Mountaine way.

A discourse of Mountaynes.

DAME Nature drew, these Mountaynes in such sort,
As though the one, should yeeld the other grace:

Holt Castle
an excellent
fine place, the
River of Dee
running by it.

Maister Hues
dwelles there.

Maister Euan
Flud dwelles
in Yale, in a
fayre house.

Castle Dy-
nosebraen on
a wooddie hill
on the one
side, & Greene
Castle on the
other.

A Bridge of
stone very faire
there stands
ouer Dee.

Maister La-
kon.
Ma. Thlud
of Yale.

¶

¶

The worthines

O: as each Hill, it selfe were such a Fort,
They scoynde to stowe, to giue the Cannon place.
If all were playne, and smooth like garden ground,
Where should hye woods, and goodly groues be found?
The eyes delight, that lookes on euery coast,
With pleasures great, and fayre prospect were lost.

On Hill we beue, farre of both feeld and flood,
Feele heate o: cold, and so sucke vp swæte ayre:
Behold beneath, great wealth and worldly good,
See walled Townes, and looke on Countries fayre,
And who so sits, o: stands on Mountayne hye,
Hath halfe a world, in compasse of his eye:
A platforme made, of Nature for the nonce,
Where man may loke, on all the earth at once.

These ragged Rocks, brings playnest people forth,
On Mountaine wyld, the hardest Horse is bred:
Though grasse thereon, be grosse and little worth,
Swæte is the foode, where hunger so is fed.
On rootes and hearbs, our fathers long did feede,
And nere the Skye, growes swætest fruit in deede:
On marrish meares, and watrie mossie ground,
Are rotten wædes, and rubbishy dross vnfound.

The fogges and mists, that rise from vale belowe,
A reason makes, that highest Hilles are best:
And when such fogges, doth oze the Mountayne goe,
In foulest daies, fayre weather may be gest.
As bitter blasts, on Mountaynes higge doth blowe,
So noysome smels, and sauours breede belowe:
The Hill stands clære, and cleane from filthie smell,
They finde not so, that doth in Valley dwell.

The Mountayne men, liue longer many a yære,
Then those in Vale, in playne o: marrish soyle:

of Wales.

A lustie hart, a cleane complexion clere
They haue on Hill, that for hard liuing toyle.
With Ewe and Lambe, with Goates and Kids they play,
In greatest toyles, to rub out wearie day:
And when to house, and home good fellowes drawe,
The lads can laugh, at turning of a strawe.

No ayre so pure, and wholesome as the Hill,
Both man and beast, delights to be thereon:
In heate or cold, it keepe one nature still,
Trim neate and dnye, and gay to go vpon.
A place most fit, for pastime and good sport,
To which wylde Stagge, and Bucke doth still resort:
To crye of Hounds, the Mountayne ecco yeelds,
A grace to Vale, a beautie to the feelds.

It stands for world, as though a watch it were,
A stately gard, to keepe greene meddowe myld:
The Poets sayne, on Shoulders it doth beare
The Heauens hye, but there they are beguylde.
The maker first, of Mountayne and of Vale,
Made Hill a wall, to clip about the Dale:
A strong defence, for needfull fruit and Coyne,
That els by blast, might quickly be forlozne.

If boystrous wynds, were not withstood by strength,
Repulst by force, and driuen backward too,
They would destroy, our earthly ioyes at length,
And through their rage, they would much mischief doe.
God saue what smart, and grieve the earth would hyde
By sturdie stormes, and pearcing tempests pryde:
So Mountaynes made, to saue the lower soyle,
For feare the earth, should suffer shamefull spoyle.

How could weake leaues, and blossomes hang on tree,
If boystring wynds, should byaunches dayly beate:

The worthines

How could poore soules, in Cottage quiet bee,
If higher grounds, did not defend their seate.
Who buyldes his bowzer, right vnder fate of hill,
Hath little cold, and weather warme at will:
Thus prone I here, the Mountaine frendeth all,
Stands stiffe gaynst stormes, like Steele or brazen wall.

You may compare, a King to Mountayne hye,
Whose princely power, can byde both bront and thorne
Of bitter blast, or Thunderbolt from Skye,
His Fortresse stands, vpon so firme a Rocke.
A Prince helps all, and doth so strongly sit,
That none can harme, by fraude, by force nor wit.
The weake must leane, where strength doth most remaine,
The Mountayne great, commaunds the little Playne.

As Mountayne is, a noble stately thing,
Thrust full of stones, and Rocks as hard as Steele:
A peerles peece, comparde vnto a King,
Who sits full fast, on top of Fortunes wheele:
So is the Dale, a place of suttile ayre,
A den of dross, oft tymes more soule then fayre:
A durty Soyle, where water long doth byde,
Yet ritche withall, it cannot be denyde.

But wealth mars wit, and weares out vertue cleane,
An eating worme, a Cancker past recure:
A trebole loude, but not a merrie meane,
That Musick makes, but rather iarres procure:
A stirrer vp, of strife and leaud debate,
The ground of warre, that stayneth euery state
With giftes and bybes, that greedie glutton feedes
And filles the gut, whereon great treason bycedes.

Wealth fosters pride, and heaues vp haughtie hart,
Makes wit ozeweene, and man belæue to farre:

Enfects

of Wales.

Enfects the mynd, with vice in euery part,
That quickly sets, the sences all at warre.
In Valley rich, these mischies nourisht are,
God planted peace, on Mountayne poore and bare:
By sweat of browes, the people liues on Hill,
Not sleight of brayne, ne craft nor cunning skill.

Where dwels disdayne, discord or dubble waies,
But where rich Cubs, and currish Karles are found:
Where is more loue, who hath more happy daies,
Then those poore hynds, that digges and delues the ground.
Perhaps you say, so hard the Rocks may bee,
Ne Corne nor grasse, nor plough thereon you see:
Yet loe the Lord, such blessing there doth giue,
That sweet content, with Oten Cakes can liue.

Solwe Whey and Curds, can yeeld a sugred tast,
Where swete Hartchpane, as yet was neuer knowne:
When emptie gorge, hath hole of Milke embrast,
And Cheese and bread, hath dayly of his owne,
He craues no feast, nor seeks no banquets fine,
He can digest, his dinner without wine:
So toyles out life, and likes full well this trade,
Not fearing death, because his count is made.

Who sleepes so sound, as he that hath no Shæpe,
Nor heard of Beasts, to pashoz and to feede:
Who feares the Wolfe, but he who Lambes doth kæpe,
And many an hower, is forst to watch in deede.
Though gold be gay, and cordpall in his kynd,
The losse of wealth, grypes long a greedie mynd,
Poore Mountayne folke, possesse not such great store,
But when its gon, they care not much therefore.

M 3

Of

The worthines

Of Yale a little to *be spoken of.*

The names of the Riuer of Denbighshire. Keeriock parts Shropshire & Deibighshire, before Chirk. Dee at newe Bridge, and Thlangothlen.

THE Countrie Yale, hath Hilles and Mountaynes hye,
Small Valleys there, saue where the Brooks do run:
So many Springs, that field that soyle is dyer:
Good Turffe and Peate, on mossie ground is won,
Wherewith good fires, is made for man most meete,
That burneth cleere, and yelds a sauour swete
To those which haue, no nose for dayntie smell,
The finer sort, were best in Court to dwell.

Aleyn in the valley of Yale. Clanweddock in the fayre vale of Duffin Cloyd. Cloyd receiues Clanweddock and Elwey by Saint Asse. Istrate by Denbigh. Raihad comes to the Voinney. Keynthleth comes into Rayhad.

This Soyle is cold, and subiect vnto winde,
Hard duskie Rocks, all couered oze full dim:
Where if winde blowe, ye shall foule weather finde,
And thinke you feele, the bitter blasts full brin.
But though cold bytes, the face and outward skin,
The stomacke loe, is thereby warm'd within.
For still more meate, the Mountayne men digest,
Then in the playne, you finde among the best.

Here is hard waies, as earth and Mountayne yelds,
Some softnesse too, as tract of foote hath made:
But to the Dames, for walke no pleasant feelds,
Nor no great woods, to shroud them in the shade.
Yet Sheepe and Goates, are plentie here in place,
And good welsh Ragges, that are of kindest race:
With goodly nowt, both fat and bigge with bone,
That on hard Rocks, and Mountayne feedes alone.

Of Wrythen now, I treate as reason is,
But liſence craue, to talke on such a Seate:
Excuse my skill, where pen or muse doth mis,
Where knowledge sayles, the cunning is not great.

But

of Wales.

But ere I write, a verse vpon that Soyle,
I will cpe out, of Tyme that all doth spoyle:
As age weares youth, and youth giues age the place,
So Tyme weares world, and doth old works disgrace.

A discourse of Tyme.

O Tract of Tyme, that all consumes to dust,
We hold thee not, for thou art bald behinde:
The fayrest Sword, or mettall thou wilt rust,
And brightest things, bring quickly out of minde.
The trimmest Towers, and Castles great and gay,
In processe long, at length thou doest decay:
The brauest house, and princely buildings rare,
Thou wast and weares, and leaues the walles but bare,

O Cancker byle, that creepes in hardest mold,
The Marble stone, or Flint thy force shall feele:
Thou hast a power, to pearce and eate the gold,
Fling downe the strong, and make the stout to reele.
O wasting worme, that eates swete kernels all,
And makes the Nut, to dust and powder fall:
O glutton great, that feedes on each mans store,
And yet thy selfe, no better art therfore.

Tyme all consumes, and helps it selfe no whit,
As fire by flame, burnes coales to finders small:
Tyme steales in man, much like an Age to fit,
That weares the face, the flesh the skinne and all.
O wretched rust, that wilt not scoured bee,
O dreadfull Tyme, the world is feard of thee:
Thou slingest flat, the highest Tree that growes,
And triumph makes, on pompe and paynted howes.

But most of all, my muse doth blame thee now,
For throwing downe, a rare and goodly Seate:

By

The worthines

By Wrythen Towne, a noble Castle throwe,
That in tyme past, had many a lodging greate,
And Towers most fayre, that long a buyding was,
Where now God wot, there growes nothing but grasse:
The stones lye waste, the walles seemes but a shell
Of little worth, where once a Prince might dwell.

Of Wrythen, both the Castle and the Towne.

The Castle of
Wrythen is
yet outwardly
a marueilous
faire and large
princely place.

This Castle stands, on Rocke much like red Bricke,
The Dykes are cut, with coile through stonie Cragges:
The Towers are hye, the walles are large and thicke,
The worke it selfe, would shake a Subjects bagge,
If he were bent, to buyld the like agayne:
It rests on mount, and looks oze wood and Playne:
It had great store, of Chambers finely wrought,
That tyme alone, to great decay hath brought.

It shewes within, by dubble walles and waies,
A deepe deuice, did first erect the same:
It makes our world, to thinke on elders daies,
Because the worke, was forinde in such a frame.
One tower oze wall, the other answers right,
As though at call, each thing should please the sight:
The Rocke wrought round, where euery tower doth stand,
Set forth full fine, by head by hart and hand.

There is a
Poole here a-
bouts that
hath in it a
kynd of fish
that no other
water can
shewe.

And fast hard by, runnes Cloyd a Riuer swift,
In winter tyme, that swelles and spreads the feeld:
That water sure, hath such a secret gift,
And such rare Fish, in season due doth yeld,
As is most straunge: let men of knowledge now
Of such hid cause, search out the nature throwe:

My

of Wales.

A Poole there is, through which this Cloyd doth passe,
 Where is a Fish, that some a Whiting call:
 Where neuer yet, no Sammon taken was,
 Yet hath good store, of other Fishes all
 Aboue that Poole, and so beneath that flood
 Are Sammons caught, and many a Fish full good:
 But in the same, there will no Sammon bee,
 And nere that Poole, you shall no Whiting see.

I haue left out, a Riuer and a Vale,
 And both of them, are fayre and worthie note:
 Who will them seeke, shall finde them still in Yale,
 They beare such fame, they may not be forgot.
 The Riuer runnes, a myle right vnder ground,
 And where it springs, the issue doth abound:
 And into Dee, this water doth dissend,
 So loseth name, and therein makes an end.

A Riuer called
 Aleyn, in the
 valley of Yale,

Good ground likewise, this Valley seemes to bee,
 And many a man, of wealth is dwelling there:
 On Mountayne top, the Valley shall you see
 All ouer greene, with goodly Meddowes feare.
 This Valley hath, a noble neighbour nere,
 Wherein the Towne, of Wrythen doth appere:
 Which Towne stands well, and wants no pleasant ayre,
 The noble Soyle, and Countrey is so fayre.

The valley of
 Yale.

A Church there is, in Wrythen at this day,
 Wherein Lord Gray, that once was Earle of Kent,
 In Tombe of Stone, amid the Chauncell lay:
 But since remou'd, as worldly matters went,
 And in a wall, so layd as now he lyes
 Right hand of Quere, full playne before your eyes:
 An Anckres too, that nere that wall did dwell,
 With trim wrought worke, in wall is buryed well.

The Earle of
 Kent lyes here.

An Anckres
 in King Hen-
 ric the fourths
 tyme buryed
 here.

R

Mow

The worthines

The pleasant
vale of Dyffrin
Cloyd.

Now to the Vale, of worthie Dyffrin Cloyd,
My muse must passe, a Soyle most ritche and gay:
This noble Seate, that neuer none annoyd,
That saue the same, and rode or went that way:
The beue thereof, so much contents the mynd,
The ayre therein, so wholesome and so kynd:
The beautie such, the breadth and length likewise,
Makes glad the hart, and pleaseth each mans eyes.

This Vale doth reach, so farre in beue of man,
As he farre of, may see the Seas in deede:
And who a while, for pleasure trauayle can
Througout this Vale, and thereof take good hēde,
He shall delight, to see a Soyle so fine,
For ground and grasse, a passing plot deuine.
And if the troth, thereof a man may tell,
This Vale alone, doth all the rest excell.

The Vale
thoroughly de-
scribed.

As it belowe, a wondrous beautie shewes,
The Hilles aboue, doth grace it trebble fold:
On euery side, as farre as Valley goes,
A border bigge, of Hilles ye shall behold:
They keepe the Vale, in such a quiet sort,
That birds and beasts, for succour there resort:
Pea flocks of foule, and heards of beasts sometyme,
Drawes there from stozme, when tempests are in pyrme.

Three Riuer
in this Vale.

A naturall se-
cret touched.

Thre Riuer run, amid the bottome heere,
Istrade, and Cloyd, Clanweddock (loe) the third:
The noyse of streames, in Sommer morning clere,
The chirp and charme, and chaunt of euery bird
That passeth there, a second Heauen is:
No hellish sound, more like an earthly blis:
A Musick sweete, that through our eares shall creepe,
By secret arte, and lull a man a sleepe.

The

of Wales.
The Castle of Cargoorley
in Denbighshiere,

CArgoorley comes, right now to passe my pen,
With ragged walles, yea all to rent and tozner
As though it had bin neuer knowne to men,
Or carelesse left, as wretched thing forlozner:
Like begger bare, as naked as my nayle,
It lyes along, whose wacke doth none bewayle.
But if she knewe, to whom it doth pertayne,
What royalties, and honors doth remayne
Unto that Seate, it should repayred bee,
For further cause, then common people see.

But sondrie things, that are full farre from sight,
Are out of mynd, and cleane forgot in fine:
So such as haue, thereto but little right,
Possesse the same, by leauell and by line,
Or els by hap, or suite as often falles:
But what of that, Cargoorleys rotten walles
Can neuer bring, his betters in dispute,
That hath perchaunce, bin got by hap or sute:
So rest good muse, and speake no further heere,
Least by these words, some hidden thoughts appeere.

Kings giue and take, so tyme still rouleth on,
God Subiects serue, for somewhat more or lesse:
And when we see, our fathers old are gon,
Of tyme to come, we haue a greater gesse.
First how to gayne, by present tyme and state,
Then what may fall, by futer tyme and date:
Tyme past growes cold, and so the world lukewarme
Doth helpe it selfe, by Castle, house or Farme:
That reach is good, that rule my friends God send,
Which well begin, and makes a vertuous end.

Thomas Sa-
les burie of
Lleweni.
Robert Sale-
burie of Ba-
chenbid.
Foulk Lloyd
of Houllan.
Piers Holland
of Kynmel.
Piers Owen of
Abergele.
Edward The-
keall of Beren.
William Wyn
of Llamuaire.
Elis Price of
Spitty.
John Middle-
ton.

The worthines

O Denbigh now, appeare thy turne is next,
 I neede no glose, nor shade to set thee out:
 For if my pen, doe followe playnest text,
 And passe next way, and goe nothing about,
 Thou shalt be knowne, as worthe well thou art,
 The noblest Soyle, that is in any part:
 And for thy Seate, and Castle doe compare,
 With any one, of Wales what ere they are.

The strongest
 Castle & seate
 that euer man
 beheld.

This Castle stands, on top of Rocke most hye,
 A mightie Cragge, as hard as flint or Steele:
 A massie mount, whose stones so deepe doth lye,
 That no deuice, may well the bottome feele.
 The Rocke discends, beneath the auncient Towne,
 About the which, a stately wall goes downe,
 With buyldings great, and posternes to the same,
 That goes through Rocke, to giue it greater fame.

Marke wel the
 situation and
 buylding of
 the same.

I want good words, and reasons apt therfore,
 It selfe shall shewe, the substance of my tale:
 But yet my pen, must tell here somewhat moze,
 Of Castles praise, as I haue spoke of Vale.
 A strength of state, ten tymes as strong as fayre,
 Yet fayre and fine, with dubble walles full thicke,
 Like tarres trim, to take the open ayre,
 Made of freestone, and not of burned Bricke:
 No buylding there, but such as man might say,
 The worke thereof, would last till Iudgement day.

The Seate so sure, not subiect to a Hill,
 Nor yet to Wyne, nor force of Cannon blast:
 Within that house, may people walke at will,
 And stand full safe, till daunger all be past.—
 If Cannon roide, or barked against the wall,
 Friends there may say, a figge for enemies all:
 Fieue men within, may keepe out numbers greate,
 (In furious sort) that shall approach that Seate.

Alha

of VVales.

Who stands on Roche, and looke right downe alone,
Shall thinke belowe, a man is but a child:
I sought my selfe, from top to fling a stone
With full mayne force, and yet I was beguyl'd.
If such a height, the mightie Roche be than,
He force nor sleight, nor stout attempt of man,
Can win the Fort, if house be furnisht throw,
The troth whereof, let world be witnesse now.

A practise by
the Author
proued.

It is great payne, from foote of Roche to clyme
To Castle wall, and it is greater toyle
On Roche to goe, yea any step sometyme
Uprightly yet, without a faule or foyle.
And as this Seate, and Castle strongly stands,
Past winning sure, with engin sword or hands:
So looke it ore, the Countrey farre or neere,
And shines like Torch, and Lanterne of the Sheere.

Wherefore Denbigh, thou bearest away the praise,
Denbigh hath got, the garland of our daies:
Denbigh reapes fame, and lawde a thousand waies,
Denbigh my pen, vnto the Clowdes shall raise.
The Castle there, could I in order drawe,
It should surmount, now all that ere I sawe.

A great glorie
giuen to Den-
bigh.

I Of Valey Crucis Thlangothlan, and the Castle Dynosebrane.

THE great desire, to see Denbigh at full,
Did drawe my muse, from other matter true:
But as that sight, my mynd away did pull
From former things, I should present to you.
So duetie bids, a writer to be playne,
And things left out, to call to mynd agayne:
Thlangothlan then, must yet come once in place,
For diuers notes, that giues this booke some grace.

R 3

Ar

The worthines

The Abbey of
Valey Crucis. An Abbey nere, that Mountayne towne there is,
Whose walles yet stand, and steeple too likewise:
But who that rides, to see the troth of this,
Shall thinke he mounts, on hilles vnto the Skyes.
For when one hill, behind your backe you see,
Another comes, two tymes as hye as hee:
And in one place, the Mountaynes stands so there,
In roundnesse such, as it a Cockpit were.

Their height is great, and full of narrow waies,
And steepe downe right, of force ye must descend:
Some houses are, buylt there but of late daies,
Full vnderneath, the monstrous Mountaynes end:
Amid them all, and those as man may gesse,
When rayne doth fall, doth stand in soze distresse:
For mightie streames, runnes oze both house and thatch,
When for their liues, poze men on Hilles must watch.

Castle Dy-
nosbraen.

Beyond the same, and yet on Hill full hye,
A Castle stands, an old and ruynous thing:
That haughtie house, was buylt in weathers eye,
A pretie pyle, and pleasure for a King.
A Fort, a Strength, a strong and stately Hold
It was at first, though now it is full old:
On Rocke alone, full farre from other Mount
It stands, which shewes, it was of great account.

A goodly
bridge of stone
here.
The Towne
and the bridge
with the vyo-
lent Riner be-
fore that
Towne.

Betweene the Towne, and Abbey built it was,
The Towne is nere, the goodly Riuier Dee,
That vnderneath, a Bridge of stone doth passe,
And still on Rocke, the water runnes you see
A wondrous way, a thing full rare and straunge,
That Rocke cannot, the course of water chaunge:
For in the streame, huge stones and Rocks remayne,
That backward might, the flood of force constrainne.

From

of Wales.

From thence to Chirke, are Mountaynes all a rowe,
As though in ranke, and battaile Mountaynes stood:
And ouer them, the bitter winde doth blowe,
And whirles betwixt, the valley and the wood.
Chirke is a place, that parts another Sheere,
And as by Trench, and Mount doth well appeere:
It kept those bounds, from forrayne force and power,
That men might sleepe, in suretie euery hower.

Here Denbighshiere, departs from writers pen,
And Flintshiere now, comes brauely marching in,
With Castles fine, with proper Townes and men,
Whereof in verse, my matter must begin:
Not for to fayne, and please the tender eares,
But to be playne, as worlds eye witnesse beares:
Not by heresay, as fables are set out,
But by good prose, of vewe to voyd a doubt.

A little spoke
of Flintshiere,

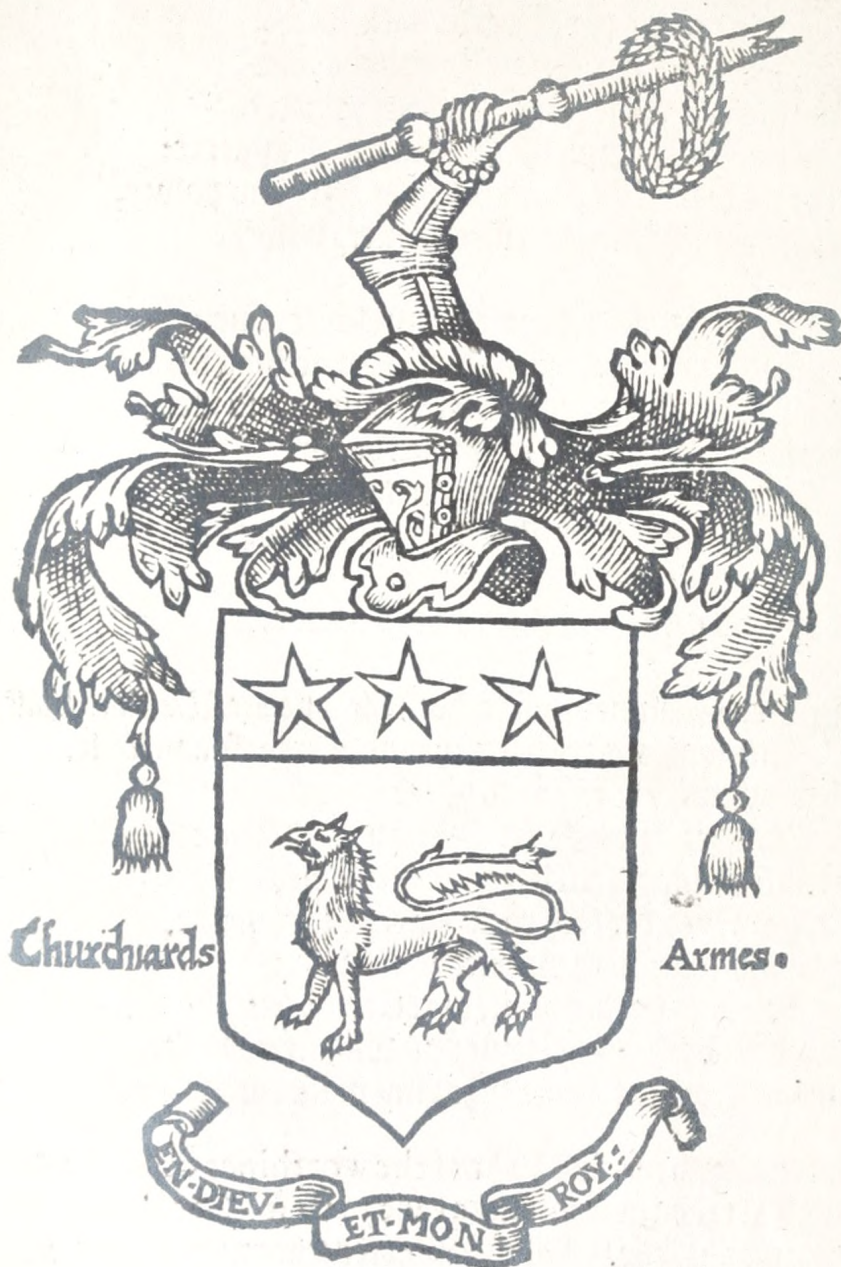
The Author
fell sicke here.

When Sommer swæte, hath blowne oze Winters blaff,
And waies ware hard, that now are soft and foule:
When calme Skyes, sayth bitter stormes are past,
And Clowdes ware cleere, that now doth lowre and skoule,
My muse I hope, shall be reuiu'de againe,
That now lyes dead, or rockt a sleepe with paine.
For labour long, hath wearied so the wit,
That studious head, a while in rest must sit:
But when the Spring, comes on with newe delite,
You shall from me, heare what my muse doth write.

The writer
takes here
breath till a
better season
serues.

Here endeth my first booke of the worthines of Wales: which
being wel taken, wil encourage me to set forth another: in which
work, not only the rest of the Shieres (that now are not written
of) shalbe orderly put in print, but likewise all y auncient Armes
of Gentlemen there in general shalbe plainly described & set out,
to the open vewe of the world, if God permit me life and health,
towards the finishing of so great a labour.

FINIS. Thomas Churchyard.



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